

MUSEUM.

FIRST LOVE.

ONE fine moonlight night in the month of September, a young man and very young woman were sitting together on a glen-side, in a certain remote part of the Perthshire highlands. Their conversation was long and sad, tears often glistened on the sun-burnt, but pretty, cheeks of the mountain damsel, which her young sweet-heart as often wiped away with a kiss that the Goddess of Chastity herself looked down upon without a frown. They talked in the language of the hills, but even a lowlander, had he been present, might have read on their expressive faces, a translation of their words. "You will go, William," seemed to be the language of Mary Græme, "you will go, and I shall never see you more; you have now no father or mother, or near kinsfolk, to draw you back to the highlands, and there are bonnier lasses by far, among the Saxons, and finer and wealthier, and when their fair eyes are shining upon you, you will easily forget those that you once told me were like the blue leaf of the wild violet, when the dew is bright upon it,—but I shall not care," continued Mary, sobbing bitterly at the image she had conjured up; "you will no more come back to Glenoe than that stream will turn again in the valley, and climb the hill it is flowing from; yet I shall wish no evil to you, William, or your Saxon bride." "The curse of God be upon me," cried William, "when I forget you, Mary. I will go down among the Saxons, but only to gather money enough to stock a farm for us both,—and the day was in the countries when that job might have been done in a night's time; I will look at the fair skins of the lowland lasses, but think the while of the wild flower I left growing on the mountains; and I will see, and perhaps live, in their fine houses, and carpetted rooms, but shall I forget—" and William rose up as he spoke, and cast a proud look around his native hills, "shall I forget—" but then some bitter recollections choked his voice, and he sat down with a quivering lip and a tearful eye, saying, in a low voice, "no, never!"

As mine is a love story, I thought it fitting to introduce the hero and heroine by moonlight; but I must apologize to my fair readers, if I shall have any, for there being no fainting fits, or even hysterics, so indispensable in a parting scene; I can only say that the poor girl having been born and bred among the mountains, far from all civilized society, knew no better. Tears, however, were shed upon the occasion, as bitter as the most tender-hearted reader could desire, and the lovers then parted and returned to their separate homes.

The fathers of both had been long the most extensive farmers in the district; they were near neighbours, and besides were fellow-clansmen, bearing the same name, and owning the same chief. It was, therefore, with mutual pleasure that they observed the growing attachment between their children. From their earliest infancy, William and Mary were set apart for each other, and as they grew older, it was, probably, their consciousness of this, from the jokes of their companions, which caused a warmer attachment to take place between them than merely that of brother and sister. A sad blow, however, was given to the expectations of every body, by the sudden death of the elder William Græme, which took place a short time before the commencement of my story,—when it was discovered that the sale of his stock would do little more than pay the rent of the farm, and other debts. Immediately after the event, like a prudent father, the other Græme resolved to look out for a more desirable match for his daughter than William appeared now to be, and accordingly discountenanced their attachment as much as possible, forbidding Mary ever to see her unfortunate lover. But the tender passion, when it takes root among the hills, often flourishes as strongly as in the valley, and the love of the mountaineer clings to his heart like the lichen to its native rock. William was not to be daunted by trifles. He was of that order of spirits, which, not a great many years before, would have procured honourable distinction among the levvers of Black Mail, and the drivers of lowland cattle. From infancy, unaccustomed to bow the head to a superior, the laird seldom visiting the recesses of Glenoe,—he became proud, bold, and high-minded; and, easily seeing through the faithless policy which dictated his new reception, and capable of appreciating its meanness, he resolved, though giving way, in appearance, to his opposers, to persevere in his love, and wait till fortune and his own efforts should assist his wishes. Many, therefore, were the secret meetings of the young lovers on the spot they have just left, and many were the struggles of William's mind before he could prevail upon himself to disclose to Mary his intention to take leave of her for a few years, and go down to a kinsman in the lowlands to push his fortune. At length the exertion was made; vows, keepsakes, and kisses, were exchanged, and the morning arrived when William should bid a long farewell to Glenoe.

It was yet grey dawn, and the mist was thick and heavy on the hills, when our traveller set out on his journey with no other companion than his faithful dog. His road lay within a little distance of the trysting spot, where he had often been so happy, and lately so miserable; and, with the romance of early passion, he could not help turning out of his path for a moment, like a pilgrim to worship at a favourite shrine. Climbing a short way up the rocks, covered with heath and blackberry bushes, to get a distant glimpse of Mary's dwelling, he gazed long and tenderly on the hallowed place, till his eyes were blinded with tears; then turning away

with a deep sigh, he said to himself, almost reproachfully, "and she is sleeping!"—"No, William," said a soft voice beside him, "I am not." William turned his head, and saw the object of his meditations standing on the rock above him. A tartan cloak, of a dark colour, enveloped the whole of her figure, and the hood hanging a little over her fair brow, fell into a shape like the well-known cap of the beautiful Mary Stuart,—from the corners of which a profusion of dark hair hung carelessly down upon her shoulders: her eye was soft and melancholy, but her cheeks were fresh and blooming with the coolness of the early morning; and, as she stood then so still and silent with her arms folded upon her bosom, William thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. For a moment, even, startled by her sudden apparition, he could almost imagine that he beheld one of those spirits of the hills which the wild fancies of his countrymen have invested with a mysterious and super-human power, and clothed in all the brightness of mortal beauty. The next minute he was at her side, and she was locked in his arms. They sat down together upon the rock; and William, as if he had never seen the place before, looked round upon a scene which was to be so long and deeply impressed upon his memory. They were sitting on the side of a deep glen through which flowed a clear stream, sometimes entirely hidden by the shrubs which bent over its surface, and sometimes visible to the eye in the form of broad and smooth pools. The depth of the glen prevented the flowing of the waters from being heard, except in low, continuous murmurs; and even where it was broken into falls, by rocks, or trees, which had been swept down by the winter torrents, the white foam, seen without being heard, conveyed the idea of motion without accompanying noise, as if the stream was stealing silently onward in its path, unwilling to interrupt the stillness of the morning with the sound of its flowing. The sides of the glen were thickly covered with hazel bushes and other shrubs; except when occasionally a huge rock, which seemed, in some convulsion of nature, to have been detached from the top and then arrested midway, by a magic skill, raised its grey head, ornamented only by a pale coloured moss, and the bushes of the small blue berry, barren and withered before their season. Every variety of the autumnal tints might be seen from the faded green to the palest yellow; but the melancholy aspect which these ensigns of decay gave to the scene was often relieved by the heath flowers, gleaming at intervals, through the leaves, and by the red berries of the mountain ash which hung here and there in ripe clusters. The sun was now advanced a little way on his journey, but, as yet, had only partially scattered the morning mist which still hung above the ridges of the glen like a barrier to separate it from the rest of the world.

The lovers, indeed, might have imagined themselves to be in a little world of their own, the sole inhabitants of the romantic domain; but, if such a thought had crossed their mind, the idle dream

was soon dissipated:—a sudden gust from the mountains swept along the glen, the awakened waters grew black and ruffled, as if frowning at the intrusion, the branches waved tumultuously, some hares and wild birds started from their covert, the mist passed away from the hills, and, in a moment, all the world seemed to be astir. William sprang upon his feet, and clasped the weeping Mary in his arms; even the dog roused himself from beside them, where he had lain down and thrust his head between, as if to claim a farewell too. Mary sank upon her knees, and threw her arms about the neck of the faithful animal—but when she raised her head, her lover was gone. She heard the crashing of the branches as he rushed down the sides of the glen, and saw the stones plunge into the water, which he dislodged in his progress. The dog licked her hand for a moment, and then sprang after his master, through the trees.

I have said that mine is a love story, and nothing but a love story it shall be. I leave it, therefore, to others, to paint the progress through the world of a young man of good natural abilities and prepossessing appearance, assisted in his efforts by a train of fortunate events. Let them follow him from his first setting out, indigent in circumstances, but lofty and generous in feeling; then receiving, in place of the beautiful simplicity of mind with which he had begun, the refinement and polish of the world—as the plum loses its down by touching, but still retains within its sweetness and its flavour; and, at length, arriving at that desired haven of ease and competence, where, if human ambition could ever rest, or human folly could ever die, he might fight over again his battles with the world at his own fire side, think of his past misfortunes, without pain, and of his present joys with thankfulness,—look downwards, without contempt, and upwards, without envy.

At this haven of ease and competence had William Græme arrived, just nine years after he left his native hills. The strapping plaided highlander had become (heaven knows by what process) a well-bred man of the world,—and, as such, was received in genteel society. Upon occasion, however, a certain *brusquerie* of manner might be observable, which betrayed that something still remained to be done—that some down on the plum has as yet escaped the busy finger of refinement. It might, perhaps, be supposed that a man arriving at this comparatively dizzy height, might have forgotten the obscurity from which he had risen, or, at least, would sedulously endeavour to forget what he might conceive to be degrading to remember,—as the climber keeps his eyes fixed upwards, lest he should fall, if he turned them below. But Græme was not a man of this description; he looked forward constantly with an ardent longing to the day when he should be enabled to revisit his native hills, and his early love. In the midst of his good fortune, he had still a secret treasure, which he viewed with greater joy than all the wealth of the east could have afforded him—it was the now withered heath-flower, the pledge of Mary's love,

which she had given to him at their last interview, and with this simple gift what a train of associations were linked! It was all that now remained to him, who rushed down the sides of Glenoe to recall the ideas of former times, of his native mountains, his early hopes, of his father's grave. It was like a sea shell found on the top of a mountain, which draws the traveller's thoughts from the business of his journey, and fixes them upon a world which has passed away. At the end of nine years, he found himself more in love than he had been at the beginning, and the image of his highland Mary was more constantly before his eyes. But were it not a pity to inspect too minutely what is, at first view, so amiable, there might appear, I am afraid, in this marvellous fidelity somewhat of self-delusion. It may be a very fine thing to say that there is nothing inconsistent with true refinement in the manners and recreations of humble life—that the *tournure* of a woman's person may be as elegantly displayed when labouring at the churn, as when playing the harp,—when romping with her sweetheart on a harvest field, as when gliding through a quadrille at Almack's;—yet, if the *élégante* of the town and the country were set side by side in a drawing room, it can hardly be a question to which even the most devoted admirer of simplicity would give the preference. And, in this situation, William must often have placed in imagination his rural beauty; that she should still, therefore, retain her dominion over a heart for which the candidates were neither few nor undeserving, my fair readers may, in the meantime, attribute, if they please, to the natural truth and constancy of man's mind, and wait as patiently as they can for the denouement.

For my part, I shall be silent on the subject; I am only the historian of facts, and have nothing to do with sentiments.

The time at length arrived, when *Mr. Græme* (as he was now called) was enabled to settle his affairs, and set out to revisit Glenoe. Immediately upon his arrival in Edinburgh, he hastened to deliver a few letters and compliments with which he had been charged by his friends in the south, and waited impatiently to take the wings of the morning for his farther journey. One of these, however, produced an invitation for the same evening, which he accepted. *Mr. Gordon*, the gentleman he visited, had a daughter, young, beautiful, and rich; with whom I am sorry to say, *Mr. Græme* had carried on a very strong flirtation some time before when they had met in London. William meant, or imagined he meant, nothing by his attentions; indeed he would have conceived it high treason to honour and to love, to waste one thought upon another than the fair mountaineer, save merely *pour passer le temps*; but the embarrassed timidity with which the elegant and high-bred Miss Gordon received his devoirs on this evening, showed that if she had began in play it had to her ended in earnest, and proved the truth of the adage “that it is dangerous sporting with edged tools.” A few minutes were sufficient to renew the intimacy that had subsisted between them, and the evening passed on delightfully.

At length the hour of parting arrived; and, if he pressed the fair hand extended to him with a more than lowland cordiality, this is a vice peculiar to the hills, and it was no fault of his—and if the pressure was returned—O no! it was accident—it was fancy—that slight, hardly perceptible touch; yet it thrilled through every nerve as if the small delicate fingers had been pressed upon his heart. He was at some distance from the house before he recollected that he had omitted to inform Miss Gordon of his intention to leave town in the morning: this was so stupid, so unpardonable, to be obliged to go without so much as bidding adieu to friends who had treated him with so much distinction and kindness! No, he would rather sacrifice his own happiness for one day longer than be guilty of such a rudeness; besides what was one day in addition to nine years? This was certainly a singular instance of self-denial; the happiness he had been ardently longing for every day for nine years was now within his reach, but he resolved to set down upon the brink for a whole day to make his bows to the passers by.

There were two fair forms haunted his pillow that night. In his dreams he imagined he saw dimly a figure he had once known, but had now forgotten. Striving to rouse his recollection, and open his heavy eyelids, he heard a soft voice whisper “and he is sleeping!” Then he knew instantly it was Mary, and he saw her clearly standing before him, as he had last seen her at the trysting place at Glenoe. She was dressed in the same cloak of coarse tartan, and the hood fell over her forehead in the same shape; her cheek was radiant with health and beauty, but her eye was soft and melancholy; she held in her hand a heath flower, which she offered him in a timid doubtful manner, but when he bent forward to receive it, she was gone. A glare of light dazzled his eyes, sounds of music and festivity filled the air, and when he could rally his bewildered thoughts, he found himself seated upon an ottoman, in a recess of a splendid apartment, filled with company. Miss Gordon sat by his side as he had seen her the evening before. She appeared a perfect contrast to the phantom of his former dream. She wore a dress of white, so fine that it might recall the classical image of woven air, and a costly set of the finest pearls upon her as white neck seemed to be “stealing and giving” lustre. Her complexion was so fair that it might almost have been termed pale, but it was of that description of paleness which conveys no idea of ill health, but only of that delicacy and fragility which by contrast is so captivating to the stronger and bolder sex. Proud of his situation by the side of so much beauty, and intoxicated by her charms, he pulled from his bosom a heath flower, which he imagined to be the most precious gift he could bestow, and presented it to his companion; but, with a laugh of derision, she struck it from his hand; and the lights, the company, and the apartment, mountains, streams, and glens, Miss Gordon and Mary Grame, all mingled in one floating chaotic mass and vanished from his sight.

The next day arrived, and the next, and the next, and still Mr.

Græme remained in Edinburgh; and still he was in love with Mary, and resolved to marry her! But what were a few days to nine years? He should, perhaps, never again have an opportunity of mingling in the enchanting society which he now enjoyed. It was his intention to build a house near the place of his birth, which should command a view down the whole length of Glenoe; the trysting place was to be enclosed, and to form part of his garden; there would he build a little rustic bower, sacred to love and constancy, where, with the queen of his Arcadia, he might retire on the fine summer evenings to talk of the past and enjoy the present. And as for employment, his books, his pencil—alas! Mary was not the best reader in the world, and could not draw at all—but then he would read to her, and paint for her, and by degrees inspire the pretty illiterate with his own taste for the fine arts. But the truth is, Mary very seldom appeared to his thoughts either as a pupil or a teacher, or in any *active* employment whatever. She had long since ceased to be a thing of flesh and blood, surrounded by the coarse and vulgar society of humble life, and immersed in the homely duties of rural housewifery. With every change which had been effected in his mind in its progress towards refinement, a corresponding change had taken place in his remembrance of her. As the moral as well as physical distance increased between them, it seemed as if by degrees her real palpable form had faded from his sight, and that the being he now worshipped was but the creature of love and imagination. The very refinement of the society in which he moved contributed to, if it did not cause, his delusion; for, as if conscious of the hollowness of its pretensions to superior delicacy, and of the artificial nature of its own formation, its constant theme of praise was the beautiful simplicity of the country, and the truth and virtue that are hidden among the hills; and William suffered his imagination to become enamoured of a picture so much finer than the original, which he was now unable and unwilling to recognise. In place of the beautiful and warm-hearted girl, whom in early years he had loved with a strong and healthy passion, a phantom floated continually before his eyes, on which he had gazed until it had become to him a substance and a reality. Her very defects his diseased imagination had metamorphosed into beauties; as Sir Walter Scott tells us so poetically that his Lady of the Lake was sunburnt and spoke with the brogue, that these things become something pretty and loveable—

“What tho’ the sun with ardent frown
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown?
What tho’ upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue?”—

But after all, such diseases of the imagination at the age of Mr. Græme, are seldom either very formidable or very obstinate, and before the warm smiles of Miss Gordon, William’s love for poor Mary threatened very speedily to melt away into a merely platonic attachment. Indeed, it seemed as if this was dreaded by himself.

Restless and almost unhappy, he wondered at his own uneasiness, and endeavoured to persuade himself that it arose from the round of engagements in which he had unconsciously involved himself, but which he renewed, without scruple, on the most frivolous excuse. Every night he lay down with a resolution to set off the next day; and every day he rose to forget the resolutions of the night.

Miss Gordon, in the mean time, as she was the fairest of the fair, was the happiest of the happy. She saw in Mr. Græme the being whom, of all others, both her heart and her judgment selected for her husband. Congeniality of disposition, similarity of pursuits, every thing that could render the married state a state of happiness, met in him; and he, she read, though falsely, in his bright eyes, was only withheld by the timidity of love and the consciousness of his own inferiority in birth and riches, from offering her his hand. At every new meeting she determined to discover to him, more plainly, her real sentiments, but her woman's pride prevented her from expressing, in words, what the bashfulness of a real passion made but too visible in her blushes and embarrassment. It was not possible for a man, however modest, to be long blind to so marked a preference, and yet with an unaccountable infatuation, Mr. Græme strove to shut his eyes to its real cause. He endeavoured to persuade himself that he was merely honoured with her friendship; and, if the idea of any warmer sentiment chanced to cross his mind, he endeavoured to laugh at his absurdity and presumption,—but it was the laugh either of folly or of hypocrisy,—for at the moment his eyes sparkled with voluptuous pleasure, and his heart dilated with gratified pride.

One day on a walking excursion to Arthur's seat, they rambled a short distance from the rest of the party. Her complexion made more brilliant by the tinge of the rose, called up by the mountain breeze, while her eyes were more than usually soft and languid from the fatigue of climbing and the heat of the day,—William thought he had never beheld so beautiful a creature. At times those eyes met his, gleaming with the happiness of a woman who leans upon the arm of the man she loves, and then were slowly withdrawn, as if she feared to let them look too long and too fondly. He had been more than man, and his affection for his first love more than human, if at that moment the fond and lovely woman whose arm leant upon his, nay, even pressed upon his heart, had not absorbed his every idea. The valley of Glenoe, Mary Græme, and all the world beside, fled from his recollection, and, as he seated himself by her side under the shadow of a rock, he could not help thinking of the exquisite verses of Coleridge, where a poet is represented as gaining his mistress's consent, just in such a situation; and he repeated aloud the first stanza:—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Miss Gordon seemed to recognise the coincidence, and to feel that this was the hour which should decide her destiny: her whole frame trembling with expectation, and her voice faint with restrained emotion, she whispered, "Go on." William proceeded, and carried away by the interest of the poem and his own feelings, seized her unresisting hand, and pressed it gently, as if to enforce his words; but when he came to the passage where the poet has succeeded in working up the feelings of his mistress to the pitch even of confessing her love, and went on,

"She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame,"

the sudden blush which burst over Miss Gordon's delicate complexion, mantled over her very forehead, and gleamed even through the thin covering on her throbbing bosom, startled and appalled him: he dropped the hand which trembled within his grasp; his voice was choked with conflicting feelings, and he stopped suddenly short in his recitation. At that moment the rest of the party joined them, and accident gave him a new companion for the walk home. I shall not attempt to paint his feelings that night when alone; in fact, they were scarcely known to himself. A confused and bitter feeling of self-reproach haunted his mind. In vain he sought for an excuse for his conduct to Miss Gordon on one side; and, on the other, Mary Græme, as he had last seen her—the oaths he had sworn—the honour he had plighted all stood in dreadful array against him. "The curse of God be upon me when I forget you, Mary!" he repeated aloud; they were the words he had used nine years before; and, taking up the simple token of her affection, which she had then given him, as if for a guide and a protection, he dashed off a few hurried lines of apology to Miss Gordon for his abrupt departure; and the next day saw him far upon his route into Perthshire.

It was a still evening in the month of September, when the foot of William Græme once more pressed his native heath. The low-lander, even of this country, can scarcely conceive the intensity of feeling with which his brother of the hills revisits, after a long absence, his highland home; and William's emotions may probably, by some, be viewed with contempt, as unmanly and uncalled for. He stood upon the spot where he had last parted with Mary; he once more looked round with pride upon his native hills, and extended his arms towards them; he pressed the heath that grew beside him to his lips, he bared his burning bosom to the breath of the mountains, and then sat down and wept like a child. As he lay upon the heath with his face buried in his hands, his nine years of absence, with all their business, and their bustle, and their struggles, seemed to pass away like a dark cloud from his memory; he was yet a stripling filled with life, and hope, and happiness, without fear and without sorrow; exposed to no danger, save what the native daring of his spirit laughed to scorn; his mind free as his foot that wandered at will over the mountains. Starting from his

trance, he looked round for the well-known form which was wont to be seated beside him, and then his eyes fell with a bewildered gaze upon his own apparel, seemingly so inconsistent with the wild scene in which he stood. With a smile of recollection he, at length, resumed his composure, and only thought with what delight he should fold, once more, his Mary to his bosom. This was the first happy moment he had passed since he left Edinburgh. It seemed as if his native air had power to medicine to a mind diseased, or as if all the embarrassments and vexations of the low country had been blown off, like cobwebs, by the force of the mountain currents. As he turned, however, from this spot, so hallowed in his recollection, a thought, which I am almost ashamed to record, passed across his mind—a foolish and frivolous conceit, for which he had to thank his newly-acquired refinement. “She might have taken some care of the place in my absence,” thought the lover; “she might have removed these stones from our favourite seat, or she might have planted a knot of wild flowers on this ridge, to welcome the return of her wanderer, and inform him that she yet loved.” Then, laughing at the romantic folly, which was excusable only in this region of poetry, he passed on.

As he drew near Mary’s dwelling, he heard sounds of mirth and music within, and he recollected that this was her birth-day, which had always been celebrated by a dance in the evening. With a beating heart he approached the open window, and saw her once more! Mary Græme was now a perfect model for a rural beauty. Her figure was full and rich, her cheeks glowed with health and exercise, and her eyes sparkled with unrestrained delight. She was in the midst of one of the sweetest dances of her country; and if she did not fly through its mazes with all the lightness of that fairy-form which had once bounded by his side over the mountains, or with the graceful ease of the elegant and accomplished Miss Gordon, still she was Mary—the companion of his infancy, the hope of his riper years; and his foot was once more on the hills that had given him birth, and that had been witnesses to his love and his vows. When the dance was finished, he desired a child, who had stood gazing at his Saxonized figure, to inform Mary Græme that a person wished to see her without. “You might have come in without asking,” said Mary, as she obeyed the summons; “the stranger, be he of the hill or the valley, is always welcome at Glenoe.”—“And am I, then, to be accounted a stranger in Glenoe?” said William, dashing off his hat, which he had drawn over his forehead; the voice, without the words, were sufficient for Mary, and they had scarcely passed his lips, when she flew into his arms.

It was soon rumoured that William Græme had returned from abroad, and that his marriage with Mary was to take place immediately; yet days and weeks passed on without a word of marriage being spoken by himself. By degrees he grew silent and fretful, and seized every opportunity of escaping from the intrusive civilities of his entertainers, to bury himself among the hills. His dream had passed away! Mary was not the spirit that had haunted his

imagination, but a creature of every-day consistence, her mind bounded by the narrow circle of her little business and pleasures, and without a conception of more refined enjoyment than a dance on the green, or a journey to a distant fair. Equally unfit, from her manners and education, to be introduced into more refined society and to be the companion of a man of intellectual habits in the solitude of the country. The preference she showed for him, too, he perceived, or imagined he perceived, was more a matter of course than the warm and delicate sentiments he required her to feel; she seemed to love him now, merely because she had loved him when a girl, and because their marriage, from infancy, had been spoken of as a thing certain to happen—and the very promptitude with which she dismissed her other admirers, the moment he made his reappearance, became a matter of disgust and suspicion, making him imagine that he, too, had probably but a short time before been dismissed as easily from her mind, to make room for another. It must not be imagined, however, that these discoveries were made at once. Every day unwound some new charm from around his heart, in spite of the struggles of that heart to retain it; and, at length, when Mary stood before him in her real form, unfit to be his wife, and even incapable of returning the passion she had inspired, bitter was the agony with which he bade farewell to the hopes he had cherished so long, to the bright dreams that had hovered around him for so many years, till they had become, as it were, a part of himself. It was then Miss Gordon had her revenge, it was then his heart, released from the fantastic, unreal passion which had clouded his understanding, paid full homage to her beauty and her love. That she loved him he could not doubt, and he execrated the folly which had thrown away his happiness. What a contrast between her and Mary! he could not endure the thought; and, turning fiercely to the latter, he would cry, in the words of Col—"And have I burned my harp for *thee*!"

It was in the midst of some such thoughts, that one day Mary met him in his solitary walk. Some harsh words passed, which at another time he would have suppressed, but which could not now be recalled. Mary was proud, and perhaps not very deeply in love; and at a dance in the evening signalized her resentment by refusing to be his partner. Had William's mind been in a healthy state, he would have smiled at this little piece of rural coquetry, but at this moment it seemed to him an explicit declaration of her indifference, and an absolution for his involuntary infidelity. The next morning he was on his road to Edinburgh. Immediately on arriving, with a faltering step and a trembling heart, he sought Miss Gordon's dwelling: she was denied to him. He called again the next day; still not at home;—the next, he was admitted; she was alone; hardly knowing what he said, he blundered out an apology; humbled himself to the dust; knelt at her feet; proffered his heart and his hand—and was rejected. He again left town, but for what quarter is not known; and the world is equally in

the dark, as to whether he ever means to return, and try his fortune again.

All that can be added further, with regard to Mary Græme, is, that she did not throw herself over the lynn, beneath the trysting place, in despair at her lover's perfidy; and farther this history saith not.

AN HISTORICAL MEMOIR ON THE INSURRECTION OF THE GREEKS.

CONSTANTINE the Great, when he transferred the seat of empire to Byzantium, studied more to adorn his capital with splendid edifices, and his palace with satellites and ministers of pleasure, than to inspire his subjects with moral virtues, or to secure the prosperity of his realms by the ordinances of wise policy and legislation. This system was carried to such excess by his successors, that perhaps no country in the annals of history ever exhibited a more complete state of moral degradation; the despot himself being stained with vice, a slave to women and eunuchs, and a foe to every thing great among his subjects; the nobles, factious and ambitious, the vainest of mankind in prosperity, as they were the meanest in adversity; the ecclesiastics, proud, bigoted, and superstitious, engaged continually in theological controversies rather than the duties of Christianity; the people abject and debased, the bad only daring and active, whilst those who might have set better examples, were content with the privilege of breathing, and rested their security upon their personal insignificance. Thus sensuality, insensibility, and fear, concurred in confounding all sense of right and wrong, in destroying patriotism, and in rendering the empire an easy prey to its barbarian invaders.

The ferocious Turks appeared as if sent by Providence to chastise those whom he regarded in his wrath. At that time, by a singular kind of fatality, all the great powers of Christendom were prevented, by intestine commotions and conflicting interests, from attempting to check the irruption of these Tartarian hordes, who, having soon overthrown the tottering fabric of the Eastern empire, found no limit to their conquest, till they had insulted the southern territories of ancient Rome, and encamped under the walls of the Austrian capital.

Whilst this tide of success accorded with the designs of Providence, the Mahometan empire spread with a rapidity proportionate to the valour of its founders. Scarcely any annals can exhibit such a series of subtle and warlike monarchs, as those of Turkey, from Othman, who first attacked the Byzantine empire, to Solyman II., who completed its subjugation.

Yet there was no real or durable strength in the Imperial Colossus which they raised. Formidable as it was in appearance, it contained within itself the most active principles of dissolution, and its decay became as remarkable as its rise. The agency of these

principles were plainly perceptible, as soon as ever the European powers became alarmed for their own safety, and drove back the Infidels within certain limits, beyond which they were never afterwards able to pass.

Then it was, that the warlike Sultan, no longer animated by the hope of conquest, sank down into the effeminate tyrant, a slave to the degrading pleasures of a harem, and not unfrequently a victim to the disorganized janissaries; whilst his subjects, ruled by the caprice of despotism, paralyzed by the desolating doctrines of fatality and predestination, and held stationary upon the current of civilization by an utter neglect of all arts and sciences which are not discovered in the Koran, soon became contemptible to all but their unfortunate Helots, upon whom the whole weight of their tyrannical hatred to the Christian faith then fell. Apostacy accordingly began to thin the ranks of the sufferers; and probably the very name of Christ would soon have been forgotten in many of those beautiful regions where his gospel was first promulgated, had not the rapid rise of the Russian empire, where the rites of the Greek church were adopted, afforded an asylum to the fugitives, and, in some degree, a protection to those that remained. The Greeks who fled into Russia, repaid their benefactors in the superior means of civilization which they introduced, by which, and by their native talents, they soon advanced themselves to the most distinguished offices in church and state. Nor was it in Russia only that the Greeks established themselves; they extended their commercial speculations to Italy and the Germanic states; whilst those individuals, upon whom fortune smiled, zealously applied their wealth in alleviating the misfortunes, and enlightening the minds, of their less fortunate countrymen.

In the mean time, as the states of Christendom advanced towards the acme of civilization, the weakness of Turkey became more apparent, and invited, as it were, the attacks of neighbouring potentates. Our limits will not allow us to detail the intrigues of cabinets, and the movements of armies sent for the purpose of dismembering this unwieldy colossus, which, though mutilated, was still kept upon its pedestal by the mutual jealousies and dissensions of its opponents. In many of these enterprises, however, especially those conducted by Russia, the Greeks took an active part, although they were invariably deserted by their allies, and left to the insatiable vengeance of their merciless tyrants. The blood, however, thus spilt, cried aloud for vengeance: instead of extinguishing, it rather fed the flame of liberty; and the Greeks, both at home and abroad, steadily applied themselves to gain those two sinews of power, knowledge and wealth, which might fit them for the important contest, whenever it should arrive.

In the commencement of the French revolution, the Greeks hoped to have profited by those political storms which shook the European confederation to its centre. It was at this time that the unfortunate Riga infused the spirit of Tyrtaeus into those patriotic

songs which struck like electricity upon his countrymen; and though the enthusiasm, thus excited, ended in disappointment, yet it spread itself insensibly among all classes, and operated, together with various other causes, in conducting the nation to the point at which it has now arrived.

Under the reign of Buonaparte, the prospect of emancipation appeared much nearer to the Greeks: long before the battle of Wagram, there had existed, in Paris, a secret society formed for their enfranchisement, well known to, and even encouraged by, the government. In the years 1810 and 1811, vast preparations were made in furtherance of this design. An immense quantity of arms and ammunition was sent into Albania and Epirus; many powerful Beys and Pachas in Western Turkey were engaged in the French interests; communications were opened with Macedonia and the Morea; the Servians prepared for open revolt; and a large army was on the point of marching from Dalmatia, to be joined by another from Corfu,—when Marshal Marmont was suddenly called off by the disastrous events of Spain and Muscovy, and the Greeks were again left to their own resources.

These, however, had lately increased to an unexampled degree: a much freer use of arms, with many other important privileges, had lately been permitted them; their industry in commercial speculations, especially the carrying trade of the Mediterranean during the late war, had been crowned with remarkable success; their fleets covered the Grecian seas; many islands were provisioned and fortified in such a manner as to despise attack, whilst the vigilance of the tyrants gradually relaxed, in proportion as the spirit and resources of their slaves increased.

At length, the peculiar state of European politics; the ferment occasioned by other nations in attempting to recover their constitutional rights; above all, the attack made by the Porte upon its rebellious satrap, Ali Pacha, wherein its own impotency was abundantly manifested,—these and some other causes, which it is not necessary to mention, stimulated the Greeks to this last, and as we ardently hope, successful insurrection. They have arisen with a spirit worthy of their cause, to save their wives and children from barbarian lust, their altars from pollution, and their beautiful country from desolation.

One of the main springs of this insurrection was the *Heteria*, a society founded at first by some patriotic Greeks, during the congress of Vienna, for the encouragement of literature and science. At its head was the learned and venerable Archbishop Ignatius, who had sought an asylum in Italy from the treachery of the Albanian Tyrant, Ali Pacha. The association rapidly increased, and reckoned some of the most illustrious names in Europe amongst its members, when it suddenly altered its complexion with the nature of the times, and became a political engine for the emancipation of Greece. Whole tribes now entered into the confederacy, like those of Parga and of Suli; nay, even Ali Pacha himself was ad-

mitted a member, for the sake of that eclat which the name of so valorous and renowned a chief might throw over the cause. Indeed, scarcely had two years elapsed from the surrender of Parga into the hands of this ambitious chieftian, when he issued a proclamation, declaring himself the firm friend of the Christians, and the protector of the Greeks, whom he invited to assemble under his banners for the extermination of their common enemy, and promised them a constitutional charter in case of their success.

The well known character of Ali, however, prevented any reliance being placed upon these promises, especially as he was reluctant to open those hoards of wealth which he valued like his life-blood. At length his affairs grew desperate; his old associates forsook him, his capital was destroyed and he himself was shut up and besieged in his fortified Serai. Conceiving, in this dilemma, that his only hope of safety lay in a general insurrection and confusion, he determined to spare no longer those treasures and resources which still remained to him. He delivered up, therefore, to the Suliots, with two thousand purses, their impregnable fortresses on the Acherontian hills, and despatching to their assistance a corps of about eight hundred Zagoriots, who remained faithful to his cause, he enabled those hardy mountaineers to spread havoc and destruction among the Turkish forces; and gained time to raise up that storm which will probably sweep away the Ottoman barbarians from those regions which they have so long polluted. When Ismael Pacha, alarmed at the consequences of these measures, endeavoured to seduce the Suliots from their new alliance, Ali confirmed them in it by fresh supplies, and the following assertion: "Continue faithfully to support me till the month of March, and the Sultan will then have so much upon his hands, that we shall be able to dictate to him the law."

His predictions were partly verified; and this rebel chieftain, whose country had been overrun and pillaged, whose whole force had been reduced to a few thousands of brigands, and whose dominion extended only over the fortress in which he was besieged, suddenly found himself, in the month of March, 1821, supported and encouraged by a general insurrection of the Greek nation.

The event may have been hastened by his crafty policy, but it had its origin much deeper, in that unconquerable spirit of freedom which had been for ages at work; and it was encouraged not only by the society of Heterists just mentioned, by the vast number of unemployed troops which had been raised by the different powers in possession of the Ionian Islands, and by that fear which the Greeks began to entertain of all Christian powers after the surrender of Parga,—but also by some other more powerful, though invisible, support, which has not yet been acknowledged.

The war, however, against Ali, was the prelude to this desperate and sanguinary struggle, which commenced in Wallachia and Moldavia, under Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, who had served with distinction in the Russian armies during the French invasion, and obtained the rank of major-general.

The spirited proclamations of this officer, and the aid he experienced from Michael Sutoz, Hospodar of Moldavia, had the effect of drawing vast multitudes to his standard, and affairs appeared highly promising for the insurgents. His movements and plans, however, were all thwarted, not more by the machinations of an adventurer named Theodore Vladimaresco, who aspired to the throne of Wallachia, now vacant by the unfortunate death of Alexander Sutoz, brother to Michael, than by the timidity of the Boyars, the general poverty of the inhabitants, the want of arms and ammunition, as well as the bad spirit of the greatest part of his troops. Among these, he had only one corps upon which he could rely; it was composed of about a thousand young Greeks, who had left the different universities of Europe, where they had been peaceably pursuing their studies, to attend the call of their country in arms, and emulate those glorious examples which they had contemplated in her annals. Like the ancient corps of Thebans, under Pelopidas, it was denominated the "Sacred Legion;" like those heroes, each bound himself by a solemn oath to defend his standard to the last; and in the unfortunate combat which soon ensued, and which put an end to the insurrection of these provinces, each nobly redeemed his pledge, and fell, covered with wounds, upon the spot where he had stood.

Though the tone of Ypsilanti's proclamations, and of Michael Sutoz's decrees, was calculated to create a belief that this insurrection had been countenanced by Russia, yet there is no reason to believe that this was the case, although the armies of that power soon began to assemble in great force upon the frontiers, and to attract the eyes of Europe to that quarter. All idea of aggrandizing herself at the expense of her Mahometan neighbour was disavowed, and we think justly, by Russia; though she generously gave an asylum to such fugitives as could escape into her territories, and made the most noble exertions, through her ambassador at the Porte, to prevent those sanguinary scenes of vengeance which took place at Constantinople, and all other cities in the Turkish empire.

After the fatal battle in which Ypsilanti's troops were totally dispersed, and his sacred legion sacrificed to the cowardice of their comrades, he issued a proclamation totally different from his first, and having quitted the country in disgust, fled into Hungary, where he was arrested by the Austrian authorities, and confined in a fortress. His wisest plan would have been to have cut his way, with the troops that still remained faithful to him, through the Turkish territories, and joined the insurgents, now in arms throughout the south of Greece, to whom he might have brought important succours. His coadjutor, M. Sutoz, having quitted Yossi, with his family and adherents, sought refuge in Bessarabia, where he has found a generous protection against the reclamations of the Porte, which has made his unconditional surrender the basis of every accommodation with the Russian government. The fate of Vladimaresco is unknown. In the mean time, the two unfortunate pro-

vinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were laid waste by the incensed Mahometans, who spared neither age nor sex, nor any rank of persons, in the unheard of enormities which they perpetrated.

In the month of April, 1821, when the flame of insurrection began to burn dimly in the northern districts, it burst out into a more fierce and durable blaze in the southern provinces of the Turkish empire. The Greeks of the Morea were long ignorant of the occurrences that had taken place north of the Danube; which, becoming first known to the Turks, occasioned them to regard their helots with an unusual degree of suspicion, and to treat them with extraordinary rigour. The Greeks, upon this, expostulated with their tyrants, and to secure a more lenient mode of treatment, gave up as hostages, into the hands of Chourschid Pacha of Tripolizza, many of their most distinguished primates, among whom was the Bishop of Monembasia, brother to the Bey of Maina. This measure tranquillized the fears of the Turks for a time; but soon afterwards, news arrived that Colocotroni,* with a few dozen followers, had landed from Zante, and taken a station among the mountains of Caritena, and the Pacha's suspicions were again excited. Being assured, however, that Colocotroni was acting the part of a kleft, or robber, so common in these countries, he unwarily allowed the Greeks to arm themselves for the purpose of attacking him. This being done, Colocotroni suddenly found himself at the head of seven or eight hundred followers, declared himself fighting for the independence of Greece, and entered Caritena, where he put a garrison of two hundred Mahometans to the sword. The Greeks of Calavrita followed this example, and the Turks who escaped their fury fled to the castle of Rhiun, on the Peloponnesian side of the gulf of Corinth. Great agitation now begun to prevail in Patrass, where the news of these proceedings was industriously circulated. The Turks mounted cannon on the castle walls, the Albanian patrolle was doubled, the European consuls sent off their families to the islands, the shops were all shut up, and the women and children fled from the town in all directions. A demand now made by the Vaivode, that the Greeks should deliver up their arms, was the signal for rebellion; about fifty Turks were instantly massacred, when the rest escaped into the fortress, where they were besieged by the Greeks, who had received a reinforcement of about twelve hundred men, and had procured a few guns from an Hydriot vessel in the harbour. They did not, however, continue long in possession of the city. Jussuff Pacha, being despatched from Joannina with a considerable body of troops, drove out the undisciplined Greeks, with great slaughter, and committed the most horrible excesses upon those who were unable to escape. About a week after this affray, Athens was attacked; but the Mahometans retired into the Acropolis, taking with them about fifty of the principal Greeks,

* This man, the bravest of the Greek captains, served with much distinction in Colonel Church's Greek regiment, during the late war.

whose heads they daily cut off and rolled down the walls of the citadel, which was bombarded by the Greeks, with a few iron guns, taken from an Hydriot vessel, and planted on the hill of the Musæum. In this siege, some of the monuments of ancient art suffered considerable damage. The Erechtheum, which is the powder magazine of a Turkish garrison, was in imminent danger, but luckily escaped; that beautiful little choragic monument called the Lanthorn of Demosthenes, was particularly exposed to the fire of a Turkish mortar, and greatly mutilated. The English and other travellers were conveyed away to places of safety by an English brig of war, whilst the native families of this interesting place assembled at the Piræus to embark, as they could, and fly for refuge to the neighbouring islands. In about three weeks, the city of Minerva was again in possession of its infidel lords, assisted by a body of troops from Negropont, who took a terrible revenge for this temporary exclusion.

In the mean time, the insurrection spread like wild-fire among the southern provinces. Many cities, towns, and villages, were utterly abandoned by the Mussulmen, and the standard of the Cross again floated over the waning Crescent. The Turks of the Morea, to the number of about twenty-five thousand men, capable of bearing arms, shut themselves up, with their families, in the fortresses and walled towns, whilst the country was overrun by independent bands, under captains who had wealth and influence enough to collect associates. They were in general badly armed, in great want of provisions, and information; they had no maps or charts, or military chest, and were extremely averse from discipline. All wished to command, and the captains were particularly jealous of each other; one of the bravest of them, named Carraggia, was shot through the back in a wine-house at Patrass by a rival, who was envious of his fame. All showed an aversion from the mixture of foreigners in their corps, for fear of their introducing modes of European discipline; they refused for a long time to take any oath of fidelity; they preserved no secrecy in their operations or their councils, which were held in the open air, where the despatches were read in the presence of all. The Greek primates, too, who ought to have exerted themselves in promoting the general good, too often sacrificed it to their private interests; and, being employed as commissaries of the troops, bribed the captains to connive at their irregularities. The best soldiers were the Mainotes, a savage people, who have in some degree preserved their freedom ever since the days of the ancient Lacedæmonians, whose territory they occupy. These, like their Spartan predecessors, always fight in a separate body: they were engaged at the pay of about fifty piastres per man, which subsequently fell to thirty. The Bey of this people, and his brother, have highly distinguished themselves in the present contest. His son also, named Illia, a fine youth, aged twenty years, fell in a manner worthy of the best times of Greece. Being put with his uncle on an expedition into Rumelia, and engaged in a

skirmish with the Turks, he was cut off from the main body with seven of his followers, and closely pursued by the enemy, who loudly exhorted each other to take him alive. Illia, upon this, turning round as if about to render himself up to his pursuers, gave his friends an opportunity of escaping: then, firing his pistols into the midst of his foes, and declaring that he would never live to grace the triumph of a Pacha, he plunged his sword into his own heart, and fell dead before their feet.

The manners of these savage mountaineers resemble, in many instances, those of the most ancient Greeks; among them may be mentioned a sovereign contempt of their antagonists, expressed in those sarcastic indecorous terms and actions before a combat, which distinguish the Homeric chiefs. They have an aversion from the use of artillery, depending for their success upon the musket, and upon the sabre in close action.

Such was the nature of the Greek troops in the early part of the insurrection, before they became ameliorated by better discipline, and animated by better feelings. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of much surprise, that they made slow progress against an enemy, superior in all the *materiel* of war; accustomed to command; brave, both from moral and religious feelings; and resolute in defending to the utmost extremity those fortresses and citadels into which they had retired, and which, unattacked by artillery, (wherein the Greeks are particularly deficient,) may be deemed almost impregnable.

The force, however, which has proved of greatest service to the cause of the Greeks, and to which, in all probability, they will owe the acquisition of liberty, arises from their naval armaments. From the little rocky isles of Hydra, Spezzia, Poros, and Ipsara, those thunderbolts of war have proceeded, which have almost annihilated the Ottoman navy, and formed the most powerful bulwarks of the champions of the Cross. During the glorious annals of Grecian history, these rocks were unnoticed, and almost unknown; it was only after the total subjugation of the country by the infidels, that they received inhabitants. Settlers then crossed over from the adjoining continent, to escape the horrors of persecution, and finding there convenient harbours, and coasts inaccessible to large vessels, they soon began to form a small marine, and gradually to acquire wealth by commercial speculations. Their protected situation, the barrenness of their soil, and their insignificant numbers, preserved them, during the infancy of their state, from those annual and disastrous visits which the other isles of the Archipelago received from the Capudan Pacha and the Turkish fleet; and when their increasing prosperity and strength began to attract the notice of the Divan, they had acquired sufficient means to ward off the enemy, by paying a small annual tribute, and supplying the Ottoman navy with a corps of seamen. Thus these brave and ardent islanders, eclipsing all their neighbours in nautical skill, as well as commercial enterprise, proceeded rapidly in

their prosperous career, until they almost monopolized the carrying trade of the Levant; and, profiting by the English occupation of Malta, by the French invasion of Spain, and by that possession which each foreign power took of the Ionian islands, acquired a very large capital, as well as an extensive navy, which has rivalled even the ancient glory of Salamis and Mycale.

At the commencement of the present insurrection, the Hydriot merchants possessed one hundred and twenty vessels, built from the splendid pine forests of Olympia, the average burden of which was four hundred tons, the number of guns eighteen, and of hands fifty. The Spezziotes had sixty, similar to the above in burden and in complement; whilst the Ipsariots had an equal number, but of a larger construction.

The returns of commerce in these isles became so considerable, that the refinements of opulence soon made considerable progress. The houses are built in a mixed style of Greek and Italian architecture, and in many cases furnished with the finest articles of European manufacture. Both the apparel and the food of the inhabitants are much better than falls to the lot of their continental brethren: an efficient police is established in their towns; and the public government, intrusted to the Gerontes, or Elders, is distinguished by a high degree of energy and integrity. Public banks are also founded in their cities, and the great capitalists, who have themselves been engaged in commercial enterprise, lend out their money to adventurers, at the rate of ten, fifteen, or even twenty per cent. upon the proceeds of the voyage. The naval captains, who are at the same time principal ship-owners, are responsible in these transactions; but every member of the crew, down to the lowest cabin-boy, has a share in the speculation. Each sailor thus becomes more or less a merchant, whilst he learns the propriety, and reaps the benefit, of industry, activity, and good conduct. From such a beginning, and by such means, did these islanders arrive at a degree of independence and power unknown to the other subjects of Mahometan despotism: by such means they have shaken that despotism to its very foundations; have led on their countrymen in the paths of victory; and shown to all the world that the capabilities of the Greek character, like those of its soil, are unimpaired, and that they are still able to acquire and to adorn that rank among the states of Europe, from which they have been so long debarred.

The contest in southern Greece proceeded slowly, as might be expected from the means of the parties engaged. The Turks were confined principally to their fortresses, and the Greeks, in an insurgent, though very undisciplined, state under their captains, who did not always agree among themselves. The best and bravest of them were, Colocotroni and the Bey of Maina, amongst the Moreotes; Mavrocordato, in the Ætolean and Acarnanian districts; and Ulysses, a noted young polihar, or Albanian warrior, who had served with great distinction in the armies of Ali Pacha, and who

now carried death and destruction among the Turks throughout the south of Thessaly, the defiles of Mount Oeta, and the region about Parnassus. In the mean time the commotion spread through all the provinces, and many of the islands; from some of which the Mahometans, where they were few in number compared with their Christian subjects, thought it prudent to retire. In revenge for this, indiscriminate slaughter and the most cruel punishments were inflicted upon unoffending victims in the large cities of the empire, and other places where the Mussulmen outnumbered the Christian population. The executions, which took place in the capital of the empire and Smyrna alone, would fill a volume. At length, in the month of April, it was determined by the Divan, to strike terror, if possible, into the insurgents, by a piece of cruelty almost unparalleled. The Patriarch of Constantinople was a man venerated by all ranks of people for his talents, his disposition, and his truly apostolical character. This excellent person, after having been compelled to publish an anathema against his brethren in arms, was suddenly seized by the Turkish soldiery as he came from the performance of divine worship on Easter Sunday, and hanged ignominiously in his pontifical robes, before the gate of his own cathedral. Three archbishops in his train were carried off and executed in a similar manner before the doors of other churches, and eight priests of his household shared the same fate; all the Christian churches in the city were then attacked and pillaged, and desecrated by every possible act which impiety and malignity could suggest. The bodies of these eminent personages, having been exposed to the scorn of the populace during the whole day, were then cut down, dragged through the streets by the heels, and cast into the sea by Jews, who were employed in this detestable act by the Mussulmen, to show their utter contempt for Christianity. The nominal pretence for this impious cruelty was a suspicion that the unfortunate patriarch had assisted the wretched family of Prince Morusi, who had been lately executed as a traitor, in their escape from Constantinople. The atrocious deed occasioned some remonstrances from the ambassadors of the different Christian powers at the Porte, and led eventually to the recall of Baron Strogonoff, the Russian minister. The body of the patriarch, having been found floating on the waves of the Bosphorus, was secretly conveyed to Odessa, where it was interred with the honours due to his exalted rank and character. For several days after this execution, unlimited permission for the slaughter of Christians was granted to the licentious soldiery; when so many victims perished by their hands, so many by the sword of the executioner, and so many fled from the scene of horror, that fears were entertained for the safety of the capital, which depends principally upon the industry and activity of its Greek population for the necessaries of life.

These transactions, instead of crushing, served only to rouse the indignant spirit of the insurgents throughout all the provinces

to tenfold exertions, and to acts of dreadful retribution. The contest now became stamped with a character of peculiar ferocity, when Demetrius Ypsilanti, brother to Prince Alexander, arrived in the Morea, with a small train of followers, but with a very considerable sum of money, and was almost unanimously placed at the head of the insurgent troops. A central junta, or senate, also was established at Calomata; proclamations were issued to the Greeks, as well as to foreign powers, and the introduction of some sort of order and government was attempted. The Turks, on the other hand, began in haste to prepare a naval armament, but were sadly at a loss how to man their fleets, having taking the precaution to imprison or put to death the only effective part of the complement, namely the Greek sailors. In the mean time they sent orders to all their great officers throughout the empire, for disarming the Christian population, a measure which led to innumerable acts of cruelty on the one side, and retaliation on the other. Dreadful outrages were committed by the Turks at Smyrna and Adrianople, which were repaid by the Greeks upon the Mahometans captured in vessels, or taken at the surrender of fortresses, particularly that of Navarino, where the Turks defended themselves with so much obstinacy, as to eat not only the flesh of horses, dogs, and every disposable animal, but the bark of trees and shrubs, mixed up with their scanty supply of meal; nay, it is even said that human beings furnished them with a sustenance, until every hope of relief had vanished. It was at this siege that the Grecian heroine, Robolina, first distinguished herself. This high-minded female belonged to one of the first families in the Isle of Spezzia; her husband had been executed by the Sultan on a frivolous and false pretence, and for nine years she never put off her mourning weeds. She never let the desire of vengeance sleep in her breast; and when the flame of insurrection first exploded in Greece, she employed the resources of a large fortune in the equipment of three vessels of war, with which she ranged herself among the captains of the fleet. She was deterred by no dangers or fatigues from encountering the duties both of naval and military warfare; but, taking her two sons, quite youths, as her associates in every expedition, she animated them by her exhortations to revenge their father's death, and exhibited in her own conduct the best example of courage and good discipline. About this time, the Greek army was joined by Mr. Gordon, a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, and as large a stock of enthusiasm, who accepted the situation of aid-de-camp to Prince Ypsilanti, and accompanied his army in all its movements. Continual success now began to attend upon the naval armaments of the insurgents—They had the good fortune to surprise a Turkish corvette and two brigs, in the roads of Milo, which they carried by a *coup-de-main*. They also captured many Ottoman merchantmen in the Archipelago and other parts of the Levant. Having taken a large vessel full of pilgrims from Mecca, near the island of Cyprus, they showed themselves but too strongly inclined to retalia-

tion, by putting them all to death, after having insulted them with the offer of baptism, which was indignantly refused.

In the mean time the affairs of the Morea went on very favourably to the Greeks. Their general congress had removed from Calomata to Argos; Napoli di Romania, the strongest fortress in Peloponnesus, was invested by their troops; Patrass was taken, though the Turks kept possession of the citadel, and, by their subsequent sorties, laid the town in ruins. The successes of the insurgents in Europe, and the revolt of Samos, which now took place, were revenged by the Turks in the most atrocious manner, upon the unfortunate Greeks of Asia Minor. An immense number of furious Mussulmen assembled together in the vicinity of Scala Nova, committed the most terrible outrages; and the pacific city of Aivali, where the most extensive academy of Grecian literature and science had been established, was soon afterwards involved in utter ruin. This appeared as if done in revenge for the disasters suffered by the Turkish fleet which had been compelled to retire with disgrace into the Dardanelles, after the loss of a large line of battle-ship, to which the Greeks set fire in the Gulf of Adramytium.

The successes, however, which the insurgents experienced in the Morea, together with their spirited proclamations, had the effect of drawing powerful succours to their cause from different parts of Europe, in foreign adventurers, as well as in arms and other equipments for their troops. The Greek merchants of Leghorn, alone, are said to have forwarded supplies to their countrymen of the value of £20,000. By these means, whilst Ali Pacha continued to engage the attention of a large part of the Turkish army in Epirus, Ulysses gained considerable advantages in Thessaly, and a general insurrection of the inhabitants of Cassandra and the surrounding district, forced the Mahometans in that quarter, to retire into Salonichi for safety. Revolts took place in Cyprus and in Candia, followed by the most horrible massacres. The Russian minister in vain protested against these sanguinary measures of the Turkish government, and in vain endeavoured to secure privileges and protection to the suffering Christians; the ultimatum of his government being rejected, and insults offered to his own person, he left the Ottoman capital and retired to Odessa. The praise-worthy efforts of Lord Strangford, the English minister, have had, subsequently, a much happier effect in mitigating the ferocity of Turkish vengeance.

On the third of August, the Greek army of the Morea, under Prince Ypsilanti, signalized itself by the reduction of Napoli di Malvoisia, a strong place on the eastern coast of Peloponnesus; whilst the naval armaments of the two powers combatted for a time, with various success. Several Turkish transports were attacked and burnt on the coast of Natolia; and, in the beginning of October, the Ottoman fleet chased a small squadron of the enemy into the port of Galaxithi, on the Gulf of Lepanto, which it destroyed together with the town. After this exploit, and furnishing

Patrass with all the necessary *materiel* of war, it swept the coasts of the Morea; and then separated into two divisions, one of which threatened Hydra, without daring to attack it, carried off a quantity of small craft from various other islands, and sailed up the Dardanelles with a number of Christian captives, hanged to the yard-arms, some by the neck, others by the hair, many by the feet, and several in a manner too atrocious to mention. This horrid spectacle, gratifying as it was to the populace who viewed it with acclamations, was displeasing to the Sultan, who degraded the admiral and several of his captains.

Whilst the Turkish fleet was engaged in the destruction of Galaxithi, the army of the Morea under Ypsilanti, was joined by a large corps under the command of Colocotroni, before Tripolizza; this city, the capital of the province, was garrisoned by about eight thousand troops under the Caimacaan or Lieutenant of Chourschid Pacha, who had been ordered away to take the command of the Ottoman army besieging Ali Pacha. On the 15th of October, after many assaults had been made in vain, Colocotroni, succeeded in gaining possession of the place, principally by the treachery of a large corps of Albanians which formed part of the garrison. The Turks obstinately defended themselves for a long time in the houses after the Greeks had entered the city, but were at length entirely subdued; when every species of atrocity was committed against the wretched inhabitants that the imagination can suggest. The details are too horrible for publication, and they excited such disgust in the mind of the commander-in-chief, that he put forth a proclamation expressive of his indignation, and threatened to withdraw himself entirely from the cause, if such enormities were repeated. The plunder of this city, into which the principal Turkish families of Peloponnesus had retreated, with their treasures, at the commencement of the insurrection, richly rewarded the captors. After an immense body had been surreptitiously carried off by private hands, especially by the Mainotes, twenty millions of piastres are said to have been paid into the public treasury: but the greatest acquisition to the Greeks was, a vast quantity of arms, ammunition, and other necessities for carrying on the war. Their cause, however, suffered much in the eyes of Europe, by the cruel, and in some instances, perfidious, revenge which they took upon their conquered enemies. This disgust was increased by the proclamation of Ypsilanti, and the retirement of Mr. Gordon from the service, although the motives which actuated this gentleman were greatly misrepresented, and accounts, highly unfavourable to the Greeks, were attributed to him, when they really came from a gentleman of the same name attached to our embassy at Vienna. It is far from our intention to apologize for the conduct of the Greeks at Tripolizza, where they descended from the high ground of patriots to that of assassins, and by which they incensed all Christian powers against them, gave cause for their calumniators to rejoice, and stopped the succours both in money and arms which

their friends in this and other nations were zealously preparing to send them. But still it must be considered that they had not only centuries of the most dreadful outrages to goad them to revenge, but the massacres of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aivali, the murder of their Patriarch, and the desecration of their temples, were fresh in their recollection. Above all, when they entered Tripolizza, one of the first spectacles that met their eyes was that of their hostages, to the number of three hundred, lying murdered in the streets. With swords in their hands, they must have been more than men if they had not avenged these enormities, and the strictest moralist would perhaps make some allowance for the crimes which their fury instigated them to commit. Let it be said also to their credit that they spared, in this indiscriminate slaughter, the life of the young Bey of Corinth, on account of his humane character, and restored to the inexorable Chourschid Pacha, the females of his harem, at the intercession of the British authorities in Corfu.

But though the Greeks lost ground in public opinion by the enormities which followed the capture of Tripolizza, yet they gained great advantages, not only in the *materiel* of war, but in that consolidation, as it were, of their cause which thence ensued. All ranks were now fully compromised, and felt assured that liberty or extermination would be their ultimate fate. The extent also of this victory gave them a consequence in their own eyes which they did not possess before, and the conquest of so powerful a capital promised them a speedy reduction of the province. A senate was immediately organized at Tripolizza, which was subsequently convened in Corinth, and is at this time held in Napoli di Romania.

This success was followed by some brilliant movements of Ulysses in Thessaly, who penetrated to the very environs of Larissa, and in conjunction with the Suliotes, defeated several corps of Musulmen in the territories of Ali Pacha. At the same time, the Ottoman government was seriously alarmed by an account of insurrections in Servia, as well as of hostilities actually commenced against its eastern provinces by the Schah of Persia. A great victory gained by this monarch over the Ottoman forces near Bagdad, and the necessity of watching the motions of an immense Russian army upon the northern boundaries of the empire, occasioned infinite embarrassment to the Sublime Porte, and rendered it incapable of sending against the insurgents that overwhelming force which would probably have crushed their rising hopes for ever.

Nor was it by land only that the Greeks were successful over their enemies. The conquest of Tripolizza was succeeded by a complete naval victory gained over the Ottoman fleet off Cape Chesì, on the coast of Zante, soon after it had sailed from the Gulf of Lepanto, when it burned the town of Galaxithi. This fleet consisted of thirty-two ships; two of which were seventy-fours,—six, frigates,—three, corvettes,—and the rest, brigs, the least of which was equal in size and complement to the largest of the twenty-eight vessels which composed the Greek squadron.

The action took place about the break of day, very near to the shores of Zante, which were lined with inhabitants, amongst whom the most intense anxiety for the event prevailed. The Turks being ranged in a semicircular line, sixteen of the largest Greek vessels dashed at their centre, while the other twelve formed into a line and advanced to the assistance of their comrades, whenever it was necessary. Victory was not long doubtful; a Turkish corvette was instantly carried by boarding, and two frigates were dismasted, when fourteen ships separated themselves from the line, and fled towards the coasts of the Morea, whilst the rest took refuge in the Bay of Zante. One of these latter, a seventy-four, was followed to the very entrance of the port by a small Greek vessel which completely crippled it, and killed many of its crew. The main body of the fleet pursued their flying enemies to the opposite coast of Peloponnesus, drove them on shore, and burnt their vessels.

These advantages were succeeded by others equally important. The Suliotes, under their distinguished leader Botzari, gained a very considerable victory over Bashon Bey, whom they drove up to the very walls of Joannina; and though the patriots experienced great losses at Cassandra, yet these were amply repaid by the surrender of Athens, Thebes, Triccala, and Phorsala, to Ulysses and his colleague Pallasas; but more particularly by that of Corinth, to the army under Ypsilanti and Colocotroni. At this latter place immense treasures were found, great part of which was immediately distributed among the troops; hither also was transferred the provisional government of Greece, of which Alexander Mavrocordato was president.

Though the new year (1822) began under such auspicious circumstances, it was not long before fortune began to frown. The Ottoman fleet, having left the Dardanelles, threw succours into the strong fortresses of Coron, Modon, and Patrass, and being joined by a squadron from Algiers, gained the advantage in an engagement with the Hydriots, whose admiral, named Tombas, was blown up with his ship into the air. The Samians also having made a descent upon the Isle of Scio, in which they put a considerable number of Turks to the sword, occasioned a renewal of the most horrid massacres in Smyrna and Constantinople, at which latter place eighty hostages of the first families in Scio, were instantly given up to the executioner. The Turkish fleet also landed its troops upon that unfortunate island, where they committed those atrocious enormities which have filled the whole of Christendom with horror.

But the circumstance of all others most adverse to the cause of the Greeks was, the capture and death of the old lion, Ali Pacha, in the month of February. This event set at liberty a very large portion of the Ottoman troops in Albania, and enabled their commander, Chourschid Pacha, to concentrate his forces and march upon the Morea, where dissensions had commenced among the cap-

tains and the members of government, to the great detriment of public affairs.

It is said that Ulysses, who commanded the defiles of Thermopylæ, aware of these dissensions, adopted the very mode of allaying them with which Themistocles threatened the Peloponnesians at the Persian invasion. He retired, after a slight skirmish, from his commanding situation, and allowed the barbarians free ingress into the Morea, where they quickly retook the Acrocorinthus, and obliged the refractory Greeks to unite for the preservation of their common liberty. Chourschid Pacha, one of the most brave and experienced commanders in the Turkish empire, was soon afterwards recalled and put to death at Larissa, on suspicion of having secreted for his own use a part of Ali Pacha's treasures. At the end of this year the spirits of the Greeks revived with unusual successes: in a brilliant action off Tenedos, they blew up the Turkish admiral in a ship of the largest class, and drove the rest of his fleet, in a crippled state, for refuge behind the forts of the Dardanelles; it afterwards attempted twice to put to sea, and carry succours to the besieged fortresses, but was each time driven back with disgrace.

The 30th of November was signalized by the surrender of Napoli di Romania, which had been invested ever since the commencement of the insurrection, and which, for its impregnable situation, might be styled the Gibraltar of the Morea. At this place the provisional government was immediately installed, and this secures to the Greeks possession of Peloponnesus, although the castles of Coron, Modon, and Patrass, still remain unreduced. Winter did not put a stop to the struggles of the combatants. On the 25th December, a well appointed army of twelve thousand Mussulmen, from Albania, attacked the city of Messalonghi in Acarnania, and had begun to ascend the ramparts with scaling ladders, when they were bravely repulsed by the garrison and the citizens, and retreated to their camp with the loss of five hundred killed, and a proportionate number wounded. In the night of the 31st, they precipitately broke up their camp and endeavoured to retreat, leaving behind them all their baggage, artillery, and tents. Intercepted, however, in their flight by the river Achelous, which happened to be much swollen by rain, they attempted to save themselves by dispersing in small parties, but were for the most part killed or taken prisoners by the victorious Greeks. Thus freedom was restored to all the northern provinces of Grecia Propria; the standard of the cross waved over the ruins of the Parthenon; and Peloponnesus saw not a Mahometan within its boundaries, except those besieged in the fortresses abovementioned.

Great preparations were made, during the winter, by the national congress at Napoli di Romania, for the ensuing campaign. A fleet of one hundred and fifty vessels was well manned and equipped, whilst the army was raised to the number of fifty thousand effective troops, and placed under the most able officers. Coloco-

troni took the principal command in Peloponnesus, which, according to a new division made by the provisional government, is called Southern Greece. Ulysses was appointed chief in Eastern Greece, which extends from Athens to Zeitun; and Marco Botzari in the western division, which comprehends Etolia and Acarnania. The principal seat of war became now transferred to the northern parts of Thessaly and Macedonia; whither a large armament was despatched in March, under the command of Prince Mavrocordato, who was accompanied by Ulysses and his corps; the Greek fleet also disembarked a considerable body of troops at Cassandra. The islands of Negroponte and Candia were reduced, with the exception of a single fortress in each; and all the Turks expelled from Thasos, from whence the Ottoman navy was supplied with timber. The rendezvous appointed for the Ottoman army destined to act against the Greeks, was Larissa, and the command given to the Pacha of Scutari, upon whom the Divan places great reliance. The fleet also of the Sultan being refitted is ready again to take the sea, and expects the active co-operation of the Algerines and other allied powers.

Such is the state of affairs according to the last advices. Possibly before our sheets go to the press some decisive actions may take place which shall materially alter the relative situation of the contending parties. At any rate, we must admire the efforts already made by the Greek patriots, with such trifling means, and against such enormous disadvantages. They have not only maintained themselves against the Turks, but have made a constant, steady progress, in their contest for freedom, and that almost exclusively by their own exertions and resources. Now, indeed, public opinion, in all Christian states, appears to sympathize with them in their struggle: Germany is sending forth supplies in men and officers; and Great Britain is raising a public subscription for their assistance. It is well, perhaps, for the Greeks, that these succours have been thus deferred. Long servitude had engendered many vices in their character, which were to be eradicated only by continued and painful exertions; the more severe their struggle for liberty, the better will they appreciate that blessing, and the more carefully will they guard it; their reverses will have taught them to be patient and persevering, to lay aside jealousies and dissensions, to bear with each other's infirmities, to succour each other's distresses, and to cultivate in adversity those virtues which may adorn their more prosperous fortunes. To that prosperity, the goal of their most anxious wishes, we have no doubt they are now hastening: the flame of liberty, now kindled in their bosoms, cannot be extinguished; they will go on till they have rescued their wives and children from pollution, till they have reconquered the sepulchres of their glorious ancestors, and erased the mark of slavery from their brows. Their native ingenuity and taste in arts and science will then revive with double lustre; for prosperity, contrasted with the previous debasement of a quick intelligent people, is sure

to give a peculiar energy to the public mind. Europe will then see established on those scenes of present desolation, an independent kingdom, possessing rights worthy of defence, and privileges worthy of enjoyment: she will see fanaticism replaced by toleration, and the sword of violence by the sceptre of justice; she will see his most sacred rights restored to man, and the altars of God purified from profanation.*

* Since the early sheets of our present Number were put to press, a translation has appeared of "the Provisional Constitution of Greece." It is executed by one of the members of the Greek Committee, who is understood to be a gentleman whose pen has before been exerted on the same subject. The translation is printed page for page with the original Romaic, and is distinguished by great fidelity, and, at the same time, much freedom and spirit. For the latter there has been particular scope in the proclamations, which are subjoined. The narrative which precedes the Constitution is from an inedited French manuscript.

We have now neither time nor space sufficient to enter into any detailed account of this very interesting publication; but it may be satisfactory to those who have taken interest in the narrative which they have read in this Number, to be made acquainted with the form of government actually existing in Greece. We shall, therefore, transcribe that section of the Constitution in which this provision is made. Our readers, however, will derive much gratification from the whole document, which exhibits throughout a spirit of equal liberality and moderation:—

CHAPTER II.

SECT. III.—*On the Form of Government.*

9. The Government is composed of the Senate and of Executive Power.
10. The concurrence of these two powers is requisite for passing a law; the decisions of the senate not having the force of a law, without the sanction of the executive Power; nor can the proposals of the executive be operative unless adopted by the senate.
11. The senate is composed of representatives chosen in the different parts of Greece.
12. Till the promulgation of a law of election, the number of representatives is undetermined.
13. The government will provisionally decree a law of election, combining the two following conditions:
 14. The representatives must be Greeks.
 15. They must be thirty years of age.
 16. All the deputies of the free parts of Greece are admitted and have seats in the senate, after the examination and verification of their powers.
 17. The senate names its president and vice-president for one year, by the plurality of voices.
 18. In like manner it names two secretaries and their adjuncts.
 19. The functions of the senators end at the expiration of a year.
 20. The executive power is composed of five members, taken out of the body of the senate, and named by a special college, according to a law, which is to regulate the election.
 21. The president and vice-president of the executive power are annual officers. The mode of their election is prescribed by the same law.
 22. The executive power names eight secretaries; of whom the first is the secretary of state, who directs the department of foreign relations. After him come the secretaries of the interior, of public economy, of justice, of war, of the marine, of divine worship, and of the police.
 23. All the subaltern agents of administration are, in like manner, named by the executive power.
 24. This power is renewed every year.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.*

" Elle étoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses

" Ont le pire destin—

" Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
" L'espace d'un matin." *Malthébe.*

THE day has dawned on a morning of Spring,
When all the earth seems blossoming :
The sun is not up, but his forerunning ray
Has arisen, to light the First of May.

There's scarcely a cloud in the sky so blue,
And the air is fresh, but is balmy too—
For at this sweet season, the advancing sun
Almost joins Summer and Spring in one.

That breeze has added a brighter streak
Of red to many a youthful cheek—
Young blood flows faster—young hearts are more light,
When they meet on a morning, so bonny and bright.

And each maiden's bosom a posy shows
Of the violet sweet, and the pale primrose—
And each youth has a bunch of the earliest thorn,
Which seems to have bloom'd for its own May-morn.

And among them in rural state they bring
A wreath of the fairest flowers of Spring :
'Tis the festival's garland—the crown of the day
For Ellen, their chosen Queen of May.

Ellen, the praise of the country-side—
The beloved of all—the hamlet's pride—
More lovely, more blooming, more bright, more fair
Than all the May-flowers which blossomed there.

She had that full and dewy blue eye
Which, when at rest, beams meltingly ;
But, by feeling roused, sends a living flash
Of fire thro' the fringe of its lengthened lash.

She had not the villager's ruddy hue,
Her cheek was clearer, and paler too ;
But, how lovely its red, when the soul within
With a delicate flush carnationed the skin !

Her step was elastic—her stature tall—
Her figure was light, but round withal,
And she had that grace of motion, which will
Make even beauty more beautiful still.

They placed the wreath on her bright brown hair,
She was Lady of May—she was Queen of the Fair !
And, surrounded by beauty and youth, there was none
Could at all compare with that loveliest one.

All eyes followed her form in the dance ;
But there was one whose unholy glance
Gleamed with the dark infernal fire
Of lawless passion—of evil desire.

And was there a mind could think amiss
Towards a creature so lovely—so pure as this ?
Could this scene of innocence harbour vice ?
Yes!—Satan could enter Paradise.

* The idea of these stanzas is taken from a paper in the Sketch Book, entitled,
" The Pride of the Village."

And her innocent ear for the first time heard
The insidious sound of the honey'd word,
Which startles not—but by seeming pure,
Makes its deadly venom hidden and sure.

Oh! when the glance of a high-born eye
Beams on the lowly, wooingly—
When a lordly tongue breathes a supplicant word,
Unmoved can that look be seen—that accent be heard?

Ellen went to her home that night,
With a spirit more proud, but a heart less light;
And the varying thoughts of an unquiet breast
For the first time troubled her innocent rest.

Why should I dwell on a tale oft told?
The story is simple—and trite—and old;
But the victim feels not one pang the less,
That many have known the same distress.

Poor Ellen trusted the sounds which hung
In deceitful words on a glozing tongue;
And the look of love, which some so well
Can make almost irresistible.

Oh! fly at the first, for when once such art
Has won its way to the trusting heart,
Though Virtue be then cast aside, the ear
Cannot turn from the words of lips so dear.

Her vision of happiness swiftly flew,
Short—oh, how short!—was the joy she knew—
Her lover left her; and from that day
Poor Ellen wasted, and pined away.

The freezing tear would steal from her eye,
Till she grew too weak even to cry;
And for hours she would gaze, till her sight grew dim,
On a braid of hair which was given by *him*.

Who now would have known the bright Queen of May?
Her glance of light had faded away:
And that eye, which spoke to the hearts of all,
Was glassy, and sunken, and hollow, and small.

Her rounded arm shrank to a bagging skin,
You could almost see through—'twas so white—so thin;
And that foot which was wont so lightly to bound,
Now slowly and flatly trailed on the ground.

Her face assumed that appalling air,
Which it has when Death is written there;
And her form became so wasted and thin,
You scarce could believe it had life within.

Her wound was cureless—Oh! those which bleed
From a hand we love, are deadly indeed—
She rejoiced to die—she welcomed the tomb—
To her it had no shadow of gloom.

Oh! the heart kills many and many a one,
Whose wasting disease is known to none;
Or whose death is laid to some outward ill,
When the worm within was the cause to kill.

The fire decays from the fading eye,
Or, more painful still, shines glassily;
The flesh grows more white, and the veins more blue,
And the mien more sad, but more lovely too.

The Queen of May.

'Tis no physical ailing which causes these,
 'Tis the wound of the heart, the soul's disease:
 The mediciner's skill has no power to save
 The sick of this sickness—their cure is the grave!
 She wasted and wasted: day by day,
 The lingerings of life slowly ebb'd away,
 Till, at length, she exhaled her last feeble breath,
 And her wounded spirit reposed in death.

* * * * *
 'Twas a chill, and damp, and misty day,
 When the sky is obscured by a dirty grey,
 And when if the sun gleams strugglingly out,
 The scene is even more sad than without.
 And the drizzling rain, and the wintry blast,
 Strike on the leaf as it withers fast—
 Dank yellow, chequered with foul black spots,
 Is its festering hue as it sickens and rots.
 And waning Autumn's dark days were gone,
 And the darker of Winter were hastening on:
 And the gloom of the season was gloomier yet,
 From the gusty wind, and the daggling wet.
 The funeral of Ellen passed slowly by—
 The footsteps themselves sounded mournfully!
 The young girls who strewed white flowers on the way,
 Were the same who had crowned her the Queen of May.

Is this the fair creature on whom the eye
 Was wont to dwell so delightedly?
 Is the lovely and young become a thing
 From which Nature shrinks with shuddering?
 Oh! Beauty, what art thou—that thus we see
 All trace of thee vanish so suddenly?
 That thus the soul sickens to look upon,
 Even of the lovely, this loveliest one.

They went thro' the garden, where the flowers which grew
 Under her care, had withered too;
 They passed by the May-pole, and over the green
 Which had witnessed her mimic reign as Queen.
 They passed the place where she first gave ear
 To the fatal tale of a tongue too dear—
 And the very spot where the first young kiss
 Had awakened the soul itself to bliss.

A sorrowing tear sprang to every eye,
 As they saw the mourning troop go by—
 A pitying word fell from every tongue,
 For the death of the lovely—the loved—the young.
 They came to the church-yard—the slow, deep toll,
 Heavily swung to the shrinking soul;
 The fat black earth lay heaped in a mound,
 And skulls and bones were strewed around.
 The touching and beautiful prayer was said,
 With which the living lament the dead—
 The corpse^d was laid to its fellow clay,
 And the earth closed over the Queen of May.

LETHE.

It was a fine fiction of the ancients to represent Forgetfulness as the reward purchased by a certain degree of expiatory punishment. It was a fine fiction, for it had its origin in a natural feeling,—one of the very few of which this can be said in their clumsy and profligate mythology. But *this* is real poetry and, like all real poetry, closely akin to truth. Alas! how many there are among us who would wish “to steep” not their “senses,” but their soul “in forgetfulness!”—how many there are to whom the waters of Lethe would be indeed a nectareous draught!

I am well aware that there are many also who would throw from them such a gift at once; to whom, indeed, it would be a curse. The days of youth are, like the spring of the physical year, the sowing time of the seeds of happiness—and it would be hard indeed if *some* of it did not fall upon good ground, and bear fruit and increase. There is scarcely any of us, it is to be hoped, who cannot, within the circle of his own knowledge, point to some case of this kind—to one who would spurn at *Lethe*. Let us suppose, for instance, a mother surrounded by her family,

“————— that small realm
Of love, which owns her as its only queen,
That world of heart of which she is the axis,”—

all the sweet gradations from maturing intellect and ripening loveliness in her eldest born, to the first dawning of human reason and beauty in the smiles and lisped words of her infant-one;—let us suppose her early flood of the heart not to have run to waste, or to more destructive overflow,—but to have resembled rather a full, deep, and rapid stream, giving joy and brightness to all around;—let us suppose her, to drop all figure, to have been united “very early in love, and early in wedlock” with him whom she would have singled from all mankind—whose youthful passion for her has become matured into the strength and stability of manly love, gaining in depth and tenderness what it has lost (if it has lost any thing) in fervency—who can say, in short, with all the truth of fondness,

“How much the wife is dearer than the bride;”

—let us figure to ourselves a woman thus placed, giving and receiving these blessings, sharing and inspiring these affections—would *she* drink of Lethe?

But, alas! there are the thorns of worldly pursuits—the stony ground of hard or callous dispositions—the scanty soil of slight and shallow heartedness—to choke and waste the good seed which the Great Sower scatters more or less lavishly over the early lives of all. In this, as in all things, the good stands single, while the evil has a thousand branches. There is only one line which will carry the arrow to its mark,—every other direction, even to the breadth of a hair, will make the effort of the archer fruitless. If the picture

which I have drawn above be recognised as a portrait by a few,—how many must regard it to be only a fancy-piece! Let us look for a moment upon its opposite. Let us turn to her who has been sacrificed for gold or for station, by parental cupidity and ambition—who has been sold into a slavery worse than that of the negro, the thralldom of the soul. Let us think upon the long long years of gradual martyrdom—the wasting of the health, the languid sickening of the mind, the chronic heart-break (if I may so speak) which make up the measure of her destiny;—that killing à *coup d'épingles*, which is the most insupportable, because the most lasting, of torments. Let us suppose that there is “one green spot in Memory’s waste”—that there was one ray of morning sunshine before the clouding over of that troubled and gloomy day. Let us suppose that *she loved*—that she loved as the heart loves in youth, as women love at all times;—that that young and beautiful affection was slaughtered on the shrine of wealth or worldly aggrandizement—that the oath which she swore at God’s altar was an instant perjury—for what the lips spoke, the heart belied;—then let us think of the succeeding time—the contest between affection and cold duty—the struggles of concealment—the sick sob of despair rising to her throat—the suppressed tears of agony aching in her brain—

“Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart’s recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not, nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check’d, nor quicken’d—calmly cold;
And when resign’d it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill’d remembrance shudders o’er the rest.”

Alas! alas! how many, how very many, there are in whose mouths these fine lines would speak only the simple truth—in the recesses of whose hearts this language is always spoken. Surrounded, probably, by all the attributes of wealth, they look bright in the sunlight of the world, and those who judge by that light alone, think all is as it seems to be. But this beauty of outward radiance is but as the bloom upon a consumptive cheek,—it is the effect—and, to the observant eye, the token—of the disease within. And what is retrospection to such a woman as this? The look which she casts upon past time is like that which the Rich Man raised to Lazarus—it is that of the damned looking upon blessedness. To use the powerful words of one from which I have already quoted an expression,—“if there be one curse that has come to earth as the crow flies, and, with all the poisonous steam of hell hot about it, it is that of an ILL ASSORTED MARRIAGE,”*—would *not this* woman drink of Lethe?

But these, it will be said, are sketches which I have drawn for my own purpose,—or, at least, which are heightened in colouring.

* Adam Blair.

if the outlines be real. I will take, then, a true instance; not one which I state from my own authority, and in which I ask belief as my own witness—but a case which is known to the world, and which I will only recal to recollection.

A great and powerful king had a sister, distinguished for extreme personal beauty, for great powers and cultivation of mind, and for a most amiable and benevolent disposition. She was remarkable, also, for proficiency in those accomplishments which throw such additional charm over female beauty and intellect. In music, especially, she took excessive pleasure, and possessed extreme skill. She was the favourite of her brother,—and was regarded with all that consideration which such favour gives in an absolute court. Youth, beauty, talent, feeling, power—all seemed joined to shower roses on her path,—to give to it all happiness. But this was not to last. A young nobleman appeared at the court, who soon attracted universal attention. Peculiarly fitted to shine in such scenes, it was not long before his *success*, (to use the word in its French signification) became great and undoubted. Among others, the princess admired the young courtier, and, soon, she loved him. Their mutual affection was what might be expected between two young persons of fiery passions, and habits of little self-control. It did not, therefore, remain long unperceived. The young man was advised to withdraw himself—but all such cautions were vain to youthful and favoured passion. He remained.—At last he was seized and imprisoned, and, after various escapes, was finally thrown into a dungeon, where he was totally cut off from all communication with the world, to which he was as if he had never been. During his first imprisonment, the princess had contrived to convey to him her assurances of continued affection, and every alleviation which wealth could furnish to his lot,—but after he was removed to the last place of his confinement, it was as if the tomb had closed over him for ever.

Let us shift the scene, and we see a woman tottering in premature old age; her limbs have nearly lost their power; she can scarcely crawl the length of her room, and she cannot lift the one hand without the help of the other to raise it. Her eyes are distended, forced from their sockets, and nearly blind. Her voice is gone, and with it her fondness of the art to which it gave so much effect and beauty. Her mind is equally altered. Her mildness is changed into the bitterest sarcasm. From one of the most benevolent of human beings, she has come to take delight only in the indulgence of a severity of temper amounting almost to rancour.

She is seated in her chamber. The door opens, and a man enters. He is old and decrepit. His hair is snow-white. His form is bent nearly double:—

“ ————— there came

A worn-out man, with withered limbs and lame,

His mind oppressed with woes, and bent with age his frame.”

It is her lover. His hair has been whitened by intense and con-

tinued suffering, rather than by the work of time; his body has been doubled by the weight of iron which it bore for ten years. He was that time in *solitary confinement*, loaded with heavy chains, and scrupulously debarred from the slightest mitigation of his condition, physical or mental. But many more years are now passed. The tyrant is dead, and the lovers may meet. How would they have recognised each other? The gay cavalier, flushed with the pride of youthful beauty and general admiration, brilliant in present fortune, and anticipating still higher destiny; and the young princess, the lovely, the gifted, the worshipped—happy in the affection of the man she loved, and high in hope of its ultimate crowning and accomplishment—these are now old, broken in health and in heart, and dropping into the grave through the accumulation of all earthly misery. It is their first, their last, their only meeting. In this awful hour, (for so may it indeed be called) woman's resolution, like woman's love, proves superior to that of man. He has married during the long years of his banishment. She inquires concerning his children, their age, their names. She asks the gift of one of them—one to be a daughter to her heart, to give her the feelings of a mother towards *his* child. They weep together. They part to see each other no more.

Oh! what would these two sufferers have given for Oblivion then!—to lose all remembrance of their short happiness, of their long despair—to be freed from the consciousness of their crushed and bleeding hearts!

This story is no fiction. It is one so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to add that the Princess Amelia of Prussia, sister of Frederic called the Great, and the Baron Trenck, are the hero and heroine of the piece.

I am well aware that if the idea of sudden and complete forgetfulness be taken in its rigid sense, it would reduce us to a state of ignorance, bordering on imbecility: we should be like the newborn infant, without speech, without, indeed, any of that common and every-day knowledge which seems to us natural rather than acquired. Perhaps, I should say that they seem to us more in the light of power than remembrances: and, when I speak of sudden oblivion passing over the mind, I would except *these* from its operations. It is what we have suffered, and still more what we have done, that it would lighten our hearts to have removed. The deeds that are gathered up against us by accusing time, and which flash across the memory like strokes of fire—these, and the contrast between them and the days of early sinlessness—between what is and what was—the record of these is the “writing on the wall” which Lethe exists not to wash away.

When a man has lived much in the world, and as the world lives—when the stamp of his fresh feelings, like the impress upon coin, has been worn away by collision—when his passions have been indulged, and he has tasted the bitter fruit which springs from such sweet blossom—when any thing occurs to bring before the memory

of such a man the scenes of his early age—what are his feelings then? Nothing can be truer than that all the pageants and indulgences of voluptuous and worldly life; all the conventional and factitious ideas and feelings which it engenders, vanish totally and at once before one touch of real nature. But the effect is pain, cutting pain. The heart swells, and tears gush from the eyes, but they are tears of bitterness. The fallen and stained man recollects the innocent child—the soul which needs the drams of social excitation looks back to its former healthful and gladsome state, and the simple food on which it lived;—the spirit has, like the raven, abandoned the ark to feed upon foulness and pollution.—What would not that man give to have washed from his remembrance the past good, the present evil?

I have always considered "The Pleasures of Memory" to be the most complete misnomer of the beautiful and very feeling poem which is so entitled. All the images which the poet crowds together on revisiting the place of his birth, are surely any thing rather than of pleasure:

"Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed, and cherished here!"

And is the blight of early friendships to be classed among the *pleasures* of our mind? Is the recollection of the gush of full and fond abandonment with which one young heart meets another, now checked and dried up forever;—is the demolition of that fabric of affection which we thought founded on a rock, but which the waves of time and of worldliness, proved to be on shifting sand;—are these things *pleasures*?

How does the poet try to show the justice of his title—how does he attempt to prove that "Memory" is indeed "blessed," that she is in truth an "ethereal power?" He revisits the house in which he was born. He finds the "court grass-grown," the "gateway mouldering," the mansion desolate! The hall, the scene of merry-hearted revelry, and of all those offices of hospitality and kindness, which are common to an English manor-house, is

"Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung."

Every thing throughout the house, which speaks to remembrance and affection, is sinking into decay; the garden is a desert, the very clock has ceased to count the hours now growing so sad, so saddening. All the loved friends, who peopled this loved scene, have passed away, like its prosperous days,—all is solitude, silence, ruin. And we are told that these things are pleasures, that we are to bless the faculty by which we are enabled to *enjoy* them!

Well may Mr. Rogers print as "an affecting reverse of the picture," the beautiful and most powerful stanzas which are said to have been written on a blank leaf of his book:—

"Pleasures of memory!—oh, supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast,
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays,

By me how envied!—for to me,
 The herald still of misery,
 Memory makes her influence known
 By tears and sighs and grief alone,
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

"She tells of time mis-spent of comfort lost,
 Of fair occasions gone for ever by,
 Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crost,
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear, to die.
 For what beside the instinctive fear
 Lest she survive, detains me here,
 When all 'the life of life' is fled,
 What but the deep inherent dread,
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
 And realize that hell which priests and beldams feign?"

I have been particularly led to think of these things by a circumstance which occurred to me a few days ago. Looking over the contents of an old chest, I lighted upon some of my school-books, which had lain there neglected, probably almost ever since I left school. They were covered with all the marks and fingerings which such books usually display—nondescript figures, dates, and scraps of Latin—

"Hic liber est meus,
 Testis est Deus,
 Quis eum furatur
 Per collum pendatur,"—

and other similar effusions of traditionary school-wit. In a Phædrus, I found in the margin my initials and these words, "Last lesson, July 14th"—and then the date of the year, which I shall withhold. This had been written, as the date showed me, just as I was about to go home for the midsummer holidays, after the first half-year I had been at school. A crowd of the impressions of that time rose upon me,—but I was to have them brought before me much more vividly still. In turning over the leaves of the book, I found a folded paper, which, when I opened it, proved to be a letter from my mother, wrapped up in the draft of my answer, or, as we used to call it at school, "the foul copy." The paper and the ink were both discoloured by time, but the writing was perfectly legible. The letter had been written about a fortnight before the beginning of the holidays, and was full of the anticipations of pleasure on my return home after my first absence from it,—and chalked out many plans of amusement for me on my arrival. It gave me tidings of my sisters, of my garden, of my pigeons, of my pony, of the favourite groom,—and was written in a large clear hand that I might read it more readily than the fine sloping dashing writing of a lady would have permitted to so young a child. I turned to my answer. It was written on lines, which had all the appearance of being ruled by myself, as they were far less horizontal than oblique,—and the hand was that of a boy of nine years old, when he has not the writing master at his shoulder. I managed, however, to decipher it. It was on the same topics as my mother's—and written evidently under that

intoxication of spirit in which a schoolboy always is for about a month before the holidays. Those who recollect their feelings on "going home," during their school-day time—still more their *first* going home—and yet still more, those who remember their mother's feelings then,—may well figure to themselves these two letters.

My young heart was thus, as it were, laid bare before me. When we look back through the mist of years, our view of what really was is but very faint and imperfect. But here, every feeling was shown to me in all the freshness of contemporary time, in all the reality of their actual expression. Oh! what did I feel at that moment!—

"The thoughts of other days were rushing on me;
The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead,
Were with me then."

My throat felt tightened and choked, till a gush of irrepressible tears relieved me. And what tears were those! I hope my worst enemy may never be cursed by shedding such. I looked upon the record of my childish thoughts—how buoyant was their spirit!—how sinless were their anticipations!—They were breathed, too, to a mother for whom my love was something more than filial. To all the deep and holy feelings of that affection, was added one of fond fellowship, which the gay and cordial kindliness of my mother's manners towards her children inspired. That mother, alas! I lost not long after the time of which I speak,—and this I look upon to be one of the heaviest misfortunes which can befall any man. For, if there be any thing which can restrain the ebullitions of hot youth, which can keep the steps of a wayward and impetuous mind in the straight path,—it is the influence of a mother. I do not speak of that direct guidance, which, especially in these days, it is almost impossible should exist;—but if the mother be a woman of the heart and mind which mine was, the smallest spark of good feeling in the son will actuate and restrain him. Nothing can more strongly propel towards good,—nothing can be a more powerful inducement to eschew evil, than the reflection that, by the course which we shall follow, we shall give either gladness, or sorrow and deep shame to our mother's heart.—Yes!—

"I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Yes! Heaven and man might now approve me
If she had lived, and lived to love me!"

Oh! God,—how bitterly did the contrast between that time and this strike upon what is left to me of a heart, as I looked upon those memorials of my youthful self! I was then happy in all the bright-heartedness of sunny infancy—innocent in all the purity of that passionless age,—and now!—

If the waters of oblivion had been offered to me then, I would have drained the cup to its last drop, even though, as in the Eastern story, Death had been mingled in the draught.

POETIC DICTION OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

It has always been a favourite doctrine of ours, and we have, from time to time, striven to inculcate it,—that what is understood by “poetic diction,” is hurtful to the truth, and thence to the power, of dramatic composition. We have lately met with the following passage on the subject, in Mr. Shelley’s preface to the *Cenci*;—the critical decision appears to us so just, and the expression is so beautiful, that we are tempted to give it a place here.

“I have avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile, or a single isolated description, unless Beatrice’s description of the chasm appointed for her father’s murder should be judged to be of that nature.*

“In a dramatic composition, the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full development and illustration of the latter. Imagination is as the immortal God, which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion. It is thus that the most remote and the most familiar imagery may alike be fit for dramatic purposes when employed in the illustration of strong feeling, which raises what is low, and levels to the apprehension that which is lofty, casting over all the shadow of its own greatness. In other respects, I have written more carelessly; that is, without an over fastidious and learned choice of words. In this respect I entirely agree with those modern critics who assert that in order to move men to true sympathy we must use the familiar language of men. And that our great ancestors the ancient English poets are the writers, a study of whom might incite us to do that for our own age which they have done for theirs. But it must be the real language of men in general, and not that of any particular class to whose society the writer happens to belong. So much for what I have attempted; I need not be assured that success is a very different matter; particularly for one whose attention has but newly been awakened to the study of dramatic literature.”

We shall continue the extract on account of the perfection of the sketch which follows. Nothing is so often attempted as to describe a picture, and in nothing is failure so frequent. The following places the painting almost before our actual sight. The extreme beauty of the diction needs not our pointing out:—

“I endeavoured whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art; it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest

* An idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in “*El Purgatorio de San Patricio*” of Calderon: the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece.

specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world."

KOSCIUSKO.

(ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. N. A. JULLIEN.)

"And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

Pleasures of Hope.—CAMPBELL.

THE name alone of Kosciusko gives us an idea of one of the ancients in the midst of modern corruption. Poland may boast of *his* virtues as the United States of America boast of those of Washington.

His generous, disinterested, and mild, yet firm character, his pure and constant attachment to the interests of his country and the cause of liberty, form a striking contrast to the egotism, ambition, avarice, and a thousand other vices of many men considered *great*, who, having neither honour nor love of country, have in all ages contributed to enlarge the sphere of human misery.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in Lithuania, in the middle of the last century (about 1750); his parents were of noble extraction, but of moderate fortune; he was brought up at Warsaw, in "L'Institute des Cadets," where the young nobility destined for the military profession were educated. It is said the Czartoryski family, who had often assisted in bringing forward distinguished characters, took charge of his education. He was considered as one of the cleverest pupils, particularly in mathematics and drawing, and was sent to France to finish his studies.

On leaving the cadet school he entered into a regiment as an officer; and returning to Poland, after a residence of some years in

France, he obtained a company. But his military career did not in reality commence till he went to the United States, where he was induced to go by his desire to aid the cause of liberty and to acquire an honourable reputation.

The political influence exercised by Russia in Poland, particularly since the year 1764, when Catherine's old favourite Stanislaus Poniatowski was crowned, and the first dismemberment of Poland, began in 1772, and confirmed in the following year by a vote of accession to the treaty of division which was torn from the diet, thus rendered an accomplice in the ruin of its country, were the great yet lamentable circumstances that accompanied the infancy and youth of our hero. Kosciusko finding himself too much confined in the European continent, where force and ambition shared the spoils of a weak and oppressed people, while all the other governments preserved a cowardly silence, crossed the Atlantic, arrived in the United States, and presented himself to Washington, without any particular recommendation. "What do you come here for?" said this general to him. "I come to serve the cause of American independence."—"What can you do?"—"Try me," replied Kosciusko, with noble simplicity. His talents were put to the proof, and his bravery, character, and acquirements justly appreciated; he was employed as an officer, and soon distinguished himself. On the 18th of October, 1776, Kosciusko, who had first served as a simple volunteer in the American army, was appointed by the Congress, (on the report of the committee of war) engineer, with the rank of colonel, in the service of the United States. He was successively employed as aid-de-camp to General Gates, as well as Mr. Armstrong, afterwards minister of the United States in France, and as engineer-colonel in the army of the south, commanded by General Gates, and afterwards by General Greene.

On the 13th of October, 1783, he was raised to the rank of brigadier general, on the recommendation of Washington, the general-in-chief. His commission denotes that this rank was given him *as a reward for his long, faithful, and honourable services*. His noble and disinterested conduct, his talents and his courage, gained him the general esteem of the army, as also of Washington, Gates, and Franklin; he acquired in like manner the friendship of the young General La Fayette, destined to support in France, as Kosciusko did in Poland, with similar misfortunes, the cause of liberty.

Kosciusko returned to his country fresh from the noble struggle he had taken part in, by serving a nation which defended its liberty.

He lived for a long time in voluntary seclusion, meditating on the future destiny of his country and himself. He was appointed major-general by the diet, and concurred in its useless and feeble attempts from 1788 to 1791, to oppose foreign influence.

His rising reputation had no other foundation than his conduct during the American war, and had not yet procured him any political credit.

Employed as general of division under young Poniatowski, the

king's nephew, who commanded the troops opposed to the army sent by Russia to overturn the constitution of the third of May, 1791, he gained great glory at a battle fought on the 18th of June, 1792, at Volhynia, near the river Bug. The Russian force extended from Dubienka to Opolin, and attacked, at the same moment, all the Polish posts on this side the Bug. The most violent attack was directed against General Kosciusko, who was stationed near Dubienka. He sustained the enemy's shock with as much bravery as obstinacy; but being obliged to yield to the superior force of the Russians he retreated with the greatest order to Chelm, the capital of the palatinate of that name. The Russian army did not cross the river till after a loss of 4,000 men. This circumstance attracted public attention towards Kosciusko, and inspired his fellow soldiers with enthusiasm for him. But the weakness of King Stanislaus, who tamely submitted to the conditions imposed upon him by Russia, rendered the zeal of the Polish patriots useless.

Kosciusko was one of the officers who voluntarily retired from the service after this shameful pacification. He was soon obliged to banish himself, which only served to render him more dear to his countrymen. A solemn decree of the National Assembly of France in August, 1792, conferred on him during his exile the title of French citizen.

Kosciusko passed the greater part of the year 1793 at Dresden and Leipsick. But, in spite of his absence, all eyes were fixed upon him, when the Polish nation, impatient of a foreign yoke, thought to free themselves. After several conferences, secretly held at Warsaw, the *patriots*, then called *insurgents*, requiring a man whose name, head, and heart, would inspire confidence, resolved to choose Kosciusko as their chief, and sent two deputies to him.

However insufficient the means offered him were, Kosciusko went to the frontier with a Pole, who now bears a high dignity in his country, and who went even as far as Warsaw to sound the minds of the people, and particularly to moderate the chiefs, whose impatience threatened to mar the whole project. His return to the frontier having roused the suspicions of the foreign party then prevailing in Poland, he feared to risk the success of the enterprise, and made a journey to Italy, leaving some friends, on whom he could rely, to continue the secret negotiations, and to prepare the way for a general and popular revolution.

Urged to return by the patriots of Warsaw, he went to Poland in Feb. 1794, and reached the palatinate of Cracow at the moment when the garrison of that town had expelled the Russian troops. On the 24th of March the citizens of Cracow drew up the act of insurrection, which was signed by three hundred persons.

The energetic declaration of the inhabitants of Cracow had been published, and the Poles had taken up arms under the very eyes of the foreign masters of their country. A voluntary and unanimous adherence was every where declared. Kosciusko was appointed supreme chief of the national force under the title of *nat-*

zelnik or generalissimo, and had, in the name of the whole nation, entire power over civil and political affairs.

No other limit was given to his power than that imposed upon him by his own virtue and moderation. He did not betray the confidence of his countrymen, and no one has ever accused him of having abused his short dictatorship. The addresses to the people and the army, which he published under these circumstances, are remarkable for their frankness and simplicity. Some days after his nomination to the command of the troops he was informed of the approach of the Russian army. He left Cracow at the head of 4,000 men, chiefly peasants, armed with scythes and pikes, without any knowledge of military manœuvres, but intrepid and devoted.

He gave battle to the enemy at Raslawice, on the 4th of April, 1794. The contest lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon to eight in the evening. The Poles gained a complete victory; they remained masters of the field of battle, and took eleven pieces of cannon from the enemy, with all their baggage and ammunition. The Russians lost three thousand men, and threw away, in their flight, their arms and cartridge boxes.

Towards the end of May, Kosciusko defeated and entirely destroyed a body of the Russian army, commanded by General Denisow, entrenched in a thick wood on the borders of the Vistula.

A canon of Cracow had written to this general, that he would go to Kosciusko, under the pretext of thanking him, in the name of his country, for what he had done for it, and take this opportunity to assassinate him. The letter written by this traitor was intercepted, and he paid for his cowardly and perfidious crime with his head. This event redoubled the enthusiasm of the Poles for their general, and rendered them more vigilant against the secret agents of their enemies.

In the beginning of June the Prussians, united to the Russians, attacked the Poles with a numerous artillery, and caused them to lose about a thousand men, killed and wounded. Kosciusko, who commanded as a great general, and who fought as a brave soldier, related this affair with noble simplicity, seeking neither to dissimulate nor diminish the loss he sustained. He felt he had done his duty, and he expressed neither discouragement nor repentance.

Soon after he published a proclamation, dated from his camp, near Kiela, the 10th of June, 1794, relative to the new military system he wished to establish, to animate the people, depressed by the yoke of slavery, and to inspire them with vigour to struggle against foreign troops, even in those provinces formerly torn by force from the republic of Poland. He wished to extend a helping hand to those inhabitants who desired to return to the valuable privileges of their country.

In July, Kosciusko's army encamped near Warsaw, inspired by the news of the advantages obtained by the patriots in Courland and Semigalle, attacked the Russians and Prussians, and seized their

entrenchments. But the allied army, which had received numerous reinforcements, approached near the capital, in order to bombard it and the entrenched camp of Kosciusko. The first bombs were thrown on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of July.

The Poles answered by a lively and well-directed fire, which prevented the besiegers from establishing their batteries near enough to reach the centre of the town with their bombs. The brave and able Kosciusko, notwithstanding this, maintained a position that enabled him to hold free communication with the adjacent country to victual his troops. A Polish division in Courland and Semigalle was employed in intercepting the correspondence with Russia. A body of Russian troops were beaten at Wilna, in Lithuania, while another Polish army obtained over the Prussians brilliant and rapid successes.

In the mean time the war of diversion, ably organized by Kosciusko, was pursued with vigour. Some light Polish troops surprised several towns, and made frequent incursions into Silesia. The alarm was so great that the garrison of Berlin was sent from that town to Frankfort upon the Oder. The embarrassment of Frederick William was still greater, as he had but few able troops in Silesia, Pomerania, and Southern Prussia. His best troops were employed in fruitless operations before Warsaw. Scarcity and epidemic diseases disheartened and desolated the Prussian camp. Abundance, health, confidence, good order, and discipline reigned in Kosciusko's army. Gold rings, with this inscription, *Our country to her defenders*, were distributed to the most distinguished soldiers. But the laurels won by the defenders of liberty were soon changed into mournful cypresses. One day decided the fate of unfortunate Poland.

Kosciusko had made a glorious stand against the combined armies of Russia and Prussia, which had invested Warsaw. The King of Prussia advanced in person at the head of a formidable army, and vainly menaced the inhabitants with the total destruction of their city, if they persisted in defending it. He was obliged to raise the siege, after an obstinate and bloody contest of two months, followed by a general assault, in which the firmness of the patriots triumphed over their enemies, and returned to Great-Poland, where an insurrection had first broken out.

Kosciusko with all possible despatch sent reinforcements to the points most threatened by the enemy, and went to direct, in person, the operations in Lithuania, when he learnt that the Russians had gained a signal victory in that province. He returned to Warsaw to prepare fresh means of resistance proportionate to the dangers accumulating round him; he determined on the 29th of September, 1794, to hazard a battle, to prevent the junction of the army under General Fersen with the troops of General Suwarrow. An order of movement, on the execution of which the success of his plan depended, was intercepted by the Russians, which defeated the whole project. Kosciusko, though deprived of a division of

fifteen thousand men upon which he had reckoned, sustained the enemy's shock with great vigour, which he repulsed four times; but valour must yield to number. The Poles were surrounded, and their ranks were in disorder: their general rallied the troops several times with great intrepidity, and always charged at their head. From the time of the confederation of Cracow he always wore the dress of a Polish peasant, in honour of that oppressed people, and to inspire them with national enthusiasm, which their deep state of degradation rendered them little capable of feeling: on that very day he fought in this costume. A cossack, who did not know him, wounded him with his lance, and unhorsed him.

The Poles cried out, calling him by his name. Kosciusko got up and advanced a few steps, when an officer gave him a blow on his head with a sabre, and he fell to the earth without sense or motion. It is said that a Russian general, who owed him personal obligations, conveyed him from the field of battle, bound up his wounds, took the greatest care of him, and accompanied him to St. Petersburg, where the Empress Catherine had ordered him to be conducted.

A division of the army, which could not reach its destined place, lost the battle of Maciejowice, and consequently destroyed Polish independence, as the battle of Pharsalia annihilated Roman liberty. The captivity of Kosciusko deprived Poland of her last support. But even at the time that he was prisoner in Russia the inhabitants of Warsaw celebrated by a general illumination the anniversary of their generous defender. Kosciusko was detained for two years as a prisoner of war, or rather as a state prisoner, till the death of Catherine on the 6th of November, 1796. One of the first acts of the Emperor Paul, the successor of Catherine, was to go, accompanied by his two sons, the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine, to visit this illustrious victim of the noblest heroism in his prison. The Emperor offered Kosciusko his liberty, considerable presents in land and peasants, dignities, honours, and a command in his army. Kosciusko refused the offers of the monarch; he declared that he had never fought but under the banner of independence, in America and in Poland, and that he never could serve any other cause. As for the presents he had at first accepted, that he might not compromise his fellow-patriots, companions of his misfortunes, by a resolute refusal that would have offended the Emperor, and perhaps that he might escape from a painful captivity, he sent them all back from England, with a letter full of delicacy and dignity, determining not to be tied by any feeling of gratitude to one of the sovereigns who had profited by the division of his country. A certificate from his physicians, who declared that death would be the necessary consequence of his captivity if much prolonged, and his wounds, which rendered his long life very improbable, outweighed any political consideration that might have opposed his freedom.

Kosciusko, again free, went from Russia to Sweden, and then to England, where he was treated with distinction, and thence he pro-

ceeded to the United States of America. He arrived at New York in 1797. A resolution of Congress of the 23d January, 1798, printed in the Journals of Congress, had given him the principal and interest of five years' service, due to him for his exertions in the American war, amounting to about 16,000 piastres, which constituted the principal part of his fortune at that period.

Duty to his country, and a vague hope that, in the midst of the political events which then troubled all Europe, something favourable to Poland might occur, determined him to return to France; whither he arrived in June, 1798, and was received by the lovers of liberty with the esteem that his virtues and character inspired, and with the feeling of respect due to his misfortunes. He powerfully contributed, by his representations to the Executive Directory, to bring about a union between France and the United States.

Towards the end of the year 1799 the Polish officers, employed in the army of Italy, offered him the sabre of John Sobieski, found at Notre Dame of Loretto.

Kosciusko at first settled himself in Paris; he distinguished there, amongst the foreign ambassadors with whom he had connexions, M. Zeltner, minister of the Swiss confederation, whose character bore a strong analogy to his own. This mutual sympathy gave rise to the strictest friendship between them, which lasted till the death of Kosciusko. In 1801, he accepted the invitation of this respectable friend, to establish himself in his family, of which he was a member for fifteen years; afterwards, on his return from Vienna, where he went on account of the meeting of the Congress in 1815, he resided at Soleure, in Switzerland, with another M. Zeltner, formerly National prefect of the Canton of Soleure, and brother to his Parisian friend.

At the time of Kosciusko's return to Europe the French government was at war with the sovereigns who had divided Poland, but who had forcibly enlisted several thousand Poles under their standard. General Kosciusko proposed to the Executive Directory to procure a great many of his countrymen, over whom he still possessed great influence, as auxiliaries in the cause of France, provided the French government would promise him that the independence of Poland should be stipulated for, when general peace was proposed. It has not been ascertained whether any positive agreement was entered into on this subject; but Kosciusko fulfilled his part of the engagement; he gave the signal to the Poles, who came in crowds to incorporate themselves in the French army. It is well known how the Directory, and afterwards Bonaparte, during his consulate and his imperial reign, fulfilled their promises; and what was the deplorable destiny of these brave Polish legions, who thought they were fighting for their country, while they were throwing away their lives in the French ranks, and in the most remote countries. Kosciusko, whose only wish was the welfare of his country, of which he was the firm support and true representative, had no personal views in the great national cause to which he

had devoted his whole existence. He never received any pension either from Prussia, the Executive Directory, or Bonaparte, though some journals falsely asserted it, but which Kosciusko formally denied.

Fifteen years of his life passed peaceably away in the bosom of the Zeltner family; first at Paris and afterwards at Berville, near Fontainebleau; where, like Cincinnatus, he delighted in superintending rural labours and in directing the cultivation of his friendly host's estate. Simple in his dress, manners, taste, and language, he willingly conversed with the peasants and assisted them with his counsels and favours. He devoted his leisure hours to reading, and his favourite authors were Tacitus and Plutarch. Amongst the great men of antiquity he particularly admired Aristides, Timoleon, and Epaminondas. The firm and inflexible character of Hannibal, his obstinacy and hatred of the Romans, his courage, military genius and misfortunes, inspired him with admiration and respect. He sometimes called Jefferson, in his letters, *his dear Aristides*. One of his amusements was the instruction of M. Zeltner's daughter in drawing; thus returning, in his old age, to the favourite studies of his youth. In his journeys to Paris he took every opportunity in secret to oblige those persons whom he had known and esteemed. Being once with the minister he asked him for an office for one of his friends, a man of probity, learning, and modesty, who never thought of asking for a place though he stood in great need of one.

Liberal in his principles, and moderate in his opinions, he loved true liberty which depends on order and the laws and an equality of political rights; he equally detested the sanguinary fury of anarchy, the pretensions and privileges of a proud and oppressive aristocracy, and the crimes of despotism. He was averse from the punishment of death, which seemed to him the remains of barbarism, which the advanced state of civilization ought to abolish.

Every year, on the 28th of October, at Paris, as well as in Poland, a great many of his countrymen celebrated his birth-day by a solemn assembly and banquet. This patriotic and national *fête* was not celebrated in the last years of Napoleon's reign.

When Napoleon, in 1807, the conqueror of Prussia, wished to pursue his victories and gain Polish adherents, he ordered his minister Fouché to sound Kosciusko, and endeavour to make him enter into his views; but the Polish hero constantly refused to compromise the honour of his countrymen, by joining with a man in whom they could have no confidence, and who would give them no guarantee. He was as open and firm in his refusals as Fouché was wary and cunning in the proposals he made, hoping to seduce him by holding out to him the rise and freedom of his country. It was at this time that means were employed, equally repugnant to sound policy and to morality; and a pretended "appeal to the Poles" was circulated, under the name of Kosciusko, which he afterwards formally disavowed. Fouché had declared that Kosciusko would

take the command of the Poles. Napoleon, irritated at his refusal, threatened to use violence and forcibly convey him to the army. "What would you gain by that?" said Kosciusko to the minister, "When in Poland I should say that I was not free, and you would be more embarrassed with me at Warsaw than at Paris."

He was one day asked whether he would be a member of Bonaparte's senate; he answered, with a smile, "What do you want me to do there?" Another time he said to a senator, when so many new titles of nobility were created, "What must I call you now? Are you Duke, Prince, Excellency, or Highness?" "I am but feeble clay in the hands of his Majesty," replied the ennobled senator. This reply offended the exalted soul of Kosciusko, and he never saw this man again, whose character he no longer esteemed.

He justly appreciated the deceitful promises addressed to the Poles by Bonaparte, and the half measures adopted by this conqueror, with respect to Poland. He also disapproved of the plan followed in the campaign of 1812, the disastrous consequences of which he foresaw. He secluded himself more than ever in the obscurity of private life, and in the modest retreat which friendship embellished for him.

In 1814, when all Europe invaded the French territory, he lived retired in his friend M. Zeltner's house at Berville, near Fontainebleau. A body of Poles, forming a part of the allied troops, occupied the village of Cugny, in the environs of Berville, and indulged in the greatest excesses. The respectable old man appeared amongst them in a dress of rustic simplicity, which disguised him even more than his years. "Poles," said he, in their own language, "Have I set you such an example? Did you learn under me to lay waste fields, to ill-treat peaceable citizens, and murder women and children? Such conduct becomes only slaves, who seek to indemnify themselves during war for their servitude in peace; is it worthy of men who were once free?" These words, pronounced with mingled firmness and feeling, struck both soldiers and officers with astonishment. The contrast between the dress and language of the old man, his noble air, and the serenity of his countenance, kept them silent for some time; at length they cried out, "You are not what you appear to be, you know us, you speak our language, who are you, what is your name?" For some time he sought to elude this question; but no longer able to resist their solicitation, he said, "I am Kosciusko!" The Poles immediately fell at his feet, embraced his knees, asked his pardon a thousand times, shed tears, and could not satisfy themselves with looking at the scarred face of their old General. The village of Cugny, the Chateau at Berville, and all round it, were respected; and this was owing to Kosciusko. General Platoff sent him, soon after, a guard of honour. His habitation, his person, and the family of his host, which had become his own, were placed under the special protection of the Emperor Alexander. It was delightful to see, in the midst of war, this homage paid to virtue by soldiers elated with success and eager of

spoil, and by a powerful and victorious sovereign. When the Emperor Alexander arrived at Paris he expressed a desire to see Kosciusko, and a carriage was sent for him to the *Hotel-de-Suede, Rue du Bouloy*, where he had stopped on his arrival from Berville. The Emperor cordially embraced him, and conversed with him some time with an air of affection and familiarity. The following letter was written to the Emperor Alexander by Kosciusko, who was entirely occupied with the interest of his country and his friends, from Berville, 9th April, 1814:

"SIRE,—If from this, my obscure retreat, I presume to address myself to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me. I beg of you three favours; the first is, to grant a general amnesty to the Poles, without any restriction, and that the peasants, dispersed in foreign countries, should be considered as free if they return to their homes. The second is, that your Majesty proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution similar to that of England, and that schools be established and maintained at the expense of government, for the instruction of the peasants; that their slavery be abolished at the end of ten years, that they may enjoy their property in safety. If my prayers are granted, I will be the first, though very ill, to throw myself at your Majesty's feet to thank you, and do homage to you as my Sovereign. If my poor talents would be of any use, I would immediately join my countrymen and serve my country and my Sovereign with honour and fidelity. My third prayer, Sire, is in behalf of an individual very dear to my heart. For fourteen years I have resided in the respectable house of M. Zeltner, a native of Switzerland, formerly ambassador from his country to France; I owe him a thousand obligations, but we are both poor and he has a numerous family. I ask for an honourable place for him either in the new French government or in Poland. He is well-informed, and I will answer for his fidelity.

(Signed) "KOSCIUSKO."

Kosciusko hoped to see schools of agriculture and industry, and institutions for the education of peasants and the amelioration of their condition, established throughout his country. With this view he had often visited the excellent institutions for education and agriculture, founded by M. Fellenberg, at Hofwil, near Berne. He wished, himself, to found in Poland an institution for the poor.

In the year 1815, he was strongly invited by several of his countrymen, and by a man (formerly member of the central government in Switzerland) whose honourable character he particularly esteemed, to go to Vienna to plead the cause of Poland at the Congress. He set out from Paris with the son of his host, M. Zeltner, but the difficulty of communication and untoward circumstances detained him so long on his journey, that he did not arrive at Vi-

enna till the Congress broke up. In his way to Braunau he had a conference of two hours with the Emperor Alexander, who was returning from Vienna. He continued his route, and arrived at that capital, where he often saw Prince Adam Ksartoryski, one of his countrymen, whom he esteemed and loved very much. He lived as a private individual, and sought for no audience from the Emperor of Austria, but merely gave some members of the Congress a note and observations relative to the interests of Poland, and retired to the town of Soleure in Switzerland, to M. Zeltner, brother of his friend at Paris; a great friendship subsisting between them, founded upon mutual esteem. In this place was terminated his mortal career, graced by benevolent actions that do honour to humanity, and by conversations on the amelioration of the state of his country. Several journals of the time applauded his signing a legal instrument at Soleure, by which he made the Serfs of an estate, belonging to him in Poland, free. Let us hope that this noble example, set to the wealthier Poles, will find many imitators. The active beneficence of Kosciusko was exercised on all around him; his compassion to the poor and unfortunate was evinced in the most affecting manner in every circumstance of his daily life, like the good and sensible man, who, far from the observation of mankind, obeys the simple and pure dictates of his conscience and his heart. He never could endure to see any one of his fellow-creatures suffer, without endeavouring to help him. During the time he spent at Soleure he was accustomed to go in search of modest and indigent men, the more worthy of aid as they were backward in asking it. He visited the asylums of the unfortunate, and mingled his consolations with his benefits. When he knew that a poor person was sick, he sent an apothecary to him, and, having learnt the state he was in, furnished him, at his own expense, with every thing necessary for his recovery. Accustomed to ride out every day on horseback, when his health and the weather would permit, he generally took a Louis to distribute to the poor. His horse was so used to see him give alms that he stopped of his own accord when he saw a beggar ask for charity. Two indigent families, in the winter of 1806, were arrested for the payment of taxes; they were informed that if the debt was not paid in four-and-twenty hours, their effects would be sold and themselves driven from the village. The two mothers of these miserable families went and described their situation to Mad. Zeltner, and begged her to speak of it to the General. This lady was deeply affected, but had no power to help them. She did not like at first to address herself to Kosciusko, who had been besieged all day by the poor, and who had given away more than ever. After supper the General observed Mad. Zeltner's low spirits and wished to know the cause. He immediately gave her the necessary sum to pay the debts of these two poor families, and begged her to go directly, though the night was far advanced, to carry them the money. He would have gone himself, if his state of health would have permit-

ted it. "Do not defer it," added he, "if the poor people are asleep, wake them; they will sleep the better when they know that they need not quit the town to-morrow, and that their effects will not be taken from them."

Many other anecdotes of the same kind could be mentioned. His great benevolence made him seem to be rich, while the extreme simplicity of his manner of living denoted him to be poor. He had but few wants, and exercised the most rigorous economy in his personal expenses. He employed the greatest part of his limited income in relieving the poor, or helping his unfortunate friends. His manner of obliging, always delicate and respectful to the unfortunate, gave additional value to his benefits.

There are few such devoted friends as Kosciusko. He was not only useful to his friends, but if he honoured any one with his confidence and friendship, which he did with much reserve, except when he saw a conformity in thinking and feeling, he then entered into the interests and affections of his adopted friend with the utmost ardour.

While at Soleure he would only see the family and confined society of his host. He avoided paying visits to any distinguished persons in the town, when he knew their opinions and circumstances formed a barrier between them and the few men whom he knew, and thought worthy of his esteem. "I am attached to you," said he to one of them, "not only because you are a worthy man, and a friend to your country, but because you have a character. I wish to prove to your countrymen, that I have one also, and that I partake in your sentiments."

A noble pride, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a good conscience and a great soul, was, in him, united with extreme modesty. Though he knew what was due to himself, and though he had constantly been the object of consideration wherever he lived, no one exacted less than he did. He carefully avoided the honours they would give him, and his pride consisted in doing noble actions worthy of a great man. He hated pride, and detested all who were guilty of this vice, whatever might be their rank. When a poor person asked alms of him, with his hat in his hand, he first ordered him to put it on, and then relieved his wants: he never could endure to see two men conversing together, one with his hat on and the other uncovered, whatever difference there might be in their rank or fortune. He never wore the decorations which his services and reputation had gained him. He felt contempt for those vain and frivolous beings who are covered with decorations very often undeserved, "who would rather," said he, "go without their clothes than without their ribbons and crosses." He greatly blamed the chiefs of free states who are not ashamed of wearing foreign orders, or the key of chamberlain to a prince; and he thought that this forgetfulness of their dignity ought to degrade them from the honourable rank to which the confidence of their citizens had raised them. During his stay in Switzerland, General

Kosciusko paid a visit to his old and respectable friend Pestalozzi, founder of an institution for the education of youth at Yverdun, in the Canton of Vaud. An amiable and clever Polish lady, a great admirer of virtue which she was well able to appreciate, the Princess Jablonowska, and her son Prince Antony Jablonowski, lately arrived from Warsaw, accompanied General Kosciusko, together with his friend M. Zeltner and the Polish Countess Potocka.

I must be allowed to mention the last time I enjoyed the conversation of Kosciusko. I went to see him at Soleure, and he invited me to walk with him, and his friend Zeltner, to a hermitage not far from the town. One of my sons and a young American, Mr. Morton, a pupil of M. Pestalozzi, accompanied me, and contemplated him with feelings of respect and enthusiasm. A fine autumnal evening embellished the picturesque and solitary place we went to see. The romantic country, and the presence of this illustrious exile, recalled to my remembrance the following lines of M. Arnault, whom misfortunes and the vicissitudes of a wandering life, occasioned by his country's misfortunes, placed him in a situation similar to that of Kosciusko.

De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu?—Je n'en sais rien;
L'orage à brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien;*
De son inconstante haleine
Le Zéphir ou l'Aquilon,
Depuis ce jour, me promène
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre et m'effrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier.

From thy stalk detached,
Poor dried leaf,
Whither goest thou?—I know not;
The storm has broken the oak,†
Which was my sole support;
With its inconstant breath
The Zephyr or the northern blast
Has ever since propelled me
From the forest to the plain,
From the mountain to the valley;
I go whither the wind drives,
Without complaint, without a fear;
I go the way of all things,
Whither goes the rose-leaf,
And the leaf of the laurel.

The good old man could not help shedding tears on hearing these lines, which he felt were applicable to himself; he stopped to take a copy of them in pencil, not choosing to defer it till his return to Soleure; he repeated them in such a touching manner, that all

* La patrie.

† Country.

those around him were affected. The latter part, especially, seemed a presentiment of his approaching death, in a foreign land, far from his native country, to which all his feelings and thoughts were directed. A little time after he also went were every thing goes,

"Où vont les roses et les lauriers."

He now only exists in the hearts of his friends, and in the pages of history; or, rather, his pure and virtuous soul, freed from terrestrial ties, is now returned to whence it came, and reposes in the bosom of the Divinity.

On the 15th of October, 1817, at ten o'clock at night, he breathed his last sigh in the arms of his friend M. Zeltner, and surrounded by a family eager to render him every care and attention. A nervous fever, which his age, his ancient wounds, and the fatigues he had undergone, rendered his constitution less able to resist, occasioned his death, which was erroneously attributed in some of the public papers to a fall from his horse. He had no fall of this kind; but in a journey to Veray, some months before, in getting off his horse, he received a slight contusion on his leg, of which he was perfectly cured; and after this time he took several rides in a carriage and on horseback in perfect health. He was never married, and his family was reduced to one nephew, General Estkau, who lived estranged from him.

Since the death of Kosciusko, unanimous homage has been paid to his memory in Switzerland, Poland, France, England, America, and even in Prussia and Russia, by religious and funeral ceremonies, by articles published in journals, and by letters written by sovereigns or their ministers.

The viceroy of Poland, General Zaioncheck, formerly the companion in arms and friend of Kosciusko, having informed the Emperor that the general wish was to see the ashes of the Polish hero deposited in his native soil, this Monarch gave his consent in the most flattering terms, ordering his minister in Switzerland to demand the remains of the General, and the young Prince Antony Jablonowski, one of the gentlemen of the chamber to his Majesty, to go and accompany them from Switzerland to Poland. M. Zeltner, of Berville, who, with his brother, was executor of the last wishes of their friend, joined Prince Jablonowski at Soleure, and accompanied him to Poland with the body of Kosciusko. The mortal remains of this virtuous man, who only lived for his country, though always far from her, arrived at Ulm, and were embarked the 29th of May upon the Danube to be carried to Vienna, and thence to Cracow.

Mad. Fischer, a Polish lady, widow of General Fischer, who made a journey to Paris in 1800, being then Countess Kulieska, published at Warsaw, soon after the death of Kosciusko, whose virtues she admired, a note in which is a faithful portrait of our hero. "Kosciusko," says Mad. Fischer, "felt during his whole life the inconvenience attached to a decided character. He seldom

gained a point, for he was always the same, whilst the scenes of the world changed, and he would not follow these variations. Too firm to change his opinions with circumstances, he renounced his public character. He contented himself with doing his countrymen all the good that was in his power to do; devoted to friendship, he confined himself within a narrow circle; he preserved the love of those around him, and the respect of strangers; he made for himself a family of good men in every country he lived in. Poland was again at different times the theatre of important changes, and he was called upon in each of these circumstances. He is now dead, without having deviated from his principles.

"Few public men, in our days, have deserved this eulogium.

"Kosciusko began his career under Washington; he ended his days in the birth-place of William Tell. Modesty and simplicity are the attributes of a superior man. These qualities were natural to him; he practised them without effort. He had all the vivacity of youth; his conversation was gay, affectionate, and familiar; but his intimacy was always founded upon esteem; and then he gave himself up to it without reserve. Entirely devoted to his friends he made use of them with the same frankness, and gained them by the amenity of his manners. Utterly different when out of his intimate society, he became silent in mixed company, or when he was the object of vain curiosity, which he always disconcerted. He had not the gift of conversation, but he had momentary bursts of eloquence which came directly from his heart, and which can only be felt by those who have one. His benevolence was not charity in an humiliating sense; it was *love for his fellow-creatures, respect for men* of whom he knew but two classes—the *good* and the *wicked*."

A SONNET OF THE MOON.

[Among our older poets are some whose genius was perfect in one or two smaller instances, but whose powers were never exerted on any larger work,—at least no proof of it has been put on record: of this number was Charles Best, the author of the following Sonnet. It was first printed in Davison's Rhapsody, in 1602.]

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her;
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour:
But when the silver wagon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The Sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will;
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart—
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill:
So, as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST.

TIME'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

A Visit to the Leasowes.

Shenstone. Your servant, sir—I am told your were inquiring for me.

Mr. Ludgate. 'Beg pardon, sir, but my friend Mr. Robert Dodsley, (you know Robert, sir) hearing that I was going down into Warwickshire, has sent you something in a parcel—new books, I believe, for that is what he deals in. He bade me introduce myself, and promised me that you would show me your pretty gardens.

Sh. Excuse my breaking the seal in your presence—So I see by my friend Robert's letter, that you were a neighbour of his, but that you have retired from your china-shop to ruralize in the suburbs—Is it not so, Mr. Daniel Ludgate?

Mr. L. Why, Mr. Shenstone, I can't say but that I have bought a bit of a box out by Islington, and if now I could carry home in my head a hint or so for the improvement of our garden, it would please Mrs. L., who is wild to have all about us made smart.

Sh. Ah, I fear, sir, that our ground in this rugged part of the world does not lie much like that on each side of the Islington turnpike road; and our streams, I take it, are rather more rapid and noisy than the New River. But you shall be heartily welcome to see the place;—and to say the truth, I was just setting out on a stroll. Shall I have the honour of escorting you?

Mr. L. Thank you kindly, sir. What then, your garden is not all in one piece?

Sh. If you wish to see a mere flower garden, sir, you must go elsewhere—your own nurserymen and florists round London would show you that—mine are are ornamented *grounds*—Sir, the Leasowes is the first exemplification of a new science,—that of landscape gardening, and I trust it is an effort not unworthy the notice of the tasteful and judicious. My aim has been to lay out my whole property on the principles of the picturesque.

Mr. L. 'Beg pardon for not exactly comprehending—but have you laid out your whole fortune in a venture on one sort of article—though I don't quite know what the commodity is which you speak of—and did it turn out a good speculation?

Sh. Good heavens! are you laughing in your sleeve, Mr. Londoner? But you look as grave as a judge, and your question seems to be really in earnest. Well, then, I mean that I have embellished my patrimony, my estate, my landed property, this place, the Leasowes, according to certain rules of taste.

Mr. L. Oh, I ask your pardon—'tis a sweet, snug little farm,—what a pity it is so hilly, and so overrun with trees!

Sh. (aside) What could have put it into Dodsley's head to saddle me with such a blockhead? But I love Dodsley, and will con-

strain myself to do the civil thing to his Cockney crony. (*Aloud*) Come, sir, we'll set out, if you please.

Mr. L. At your service, sir, and I shall be obliged to you.

Sh. Come in here, sir; we account this shady walk, affording, as you see, glimpses of that piece of water, a pleasing situation.

Mr. L. It must be charming indeed in dead summer—'tish't quite so warm as one could wish it just now.

Sh. True—but the views are as fine as in hotter weather. Here, this way, is a rustic edifice to give the scene an object. It has an inscription, pertinent enough, I hope—Would you like to read it? You can see it while you sit on this bench.

Mr. L. Why, if I can find my eyes—I hope I have 'em in my waistcoat pocket—Ah, yes, I thought so.

(*Reads.*)

"Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fâiries dwell."

Pray, good sir, what are fays? I have heard folks say, "by my fay;" but I always thought 'twas short for *faith*.

Sh. We won't etymologize, if you please, Mr. Daniel.

Mr. L. (*reads.*)

"Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through your limbs——"

Sh. Limes, sir, "yon limes"—the trees opposite.

Mr. L. (*reads.*)

"Darts through yon limes her quivering beams."

There's a deal of it—my glasses want wiping.

Sh. Pray, sir, don't trouble yourself. My lines do not by any means "come mended from your tongue." We will proceed—there is a seat a little farther on. Now, then, how do you like that cascade?

Mr. L. Bless my heart! that pond has burst out sadly—how it does run over! Though perhaps you want to get rid of some of the water.

Sh. It is a stream, and not meant to be confined. (*Aside.*) Oh for a modicum of patience! and yet there is something laughable, too, in all this.

Mr. L. A stream, sir? but it seems to be penned up—If those great big lumps of stone were taken away, it would run off easier.

Sh. It would; but the varied appearance and dashing sounds are much admired.

Mr. L. Well, if so—and no doubt you know best. Perhaps, also, it keeps the fish from going away. Have you many in that large pond, Mr. Shenstone?

Sh. (*pettishly.*) I don't know, sir.

Mr. L. Dear me! it is odd you have never tried to find out.

Sh. I value the water for the picturesque features it adds to the valley; as for the rest, I am neither sportsman nor epicure.

Mr. L. I don't dispute your word, kind sir, about that sort of value—not that I quite comprehend what picturesque is—but I make not the least manner of doubt, that you would catch fish in that water there, if you would but try your hand. Only try, sir, do.

Sh. (sneering.) Why, the fact is, my men have sometimes caught a few red herrings, and a stock-fish or two; but I do not encourage the fishery, for those sorts do not agree with my stomach.

Mr. L. Dear now—why, bless me!—Oh ho, Mr. Shenstone, I smell a rat; you love a joke. No, no, we don't get our Lent salt-fish from the Leasowes. But I am quite rested now; may we go on?

Sh. (aside.) Come, the booby is good humoured; but would it were over. (*Aloud.*) Stop, sir, stop; don't go through that gate—it is meant to come in at, not to go out by.

Mr. L. Oh, I find no difficulty in getting through it.

Sh. How perverse it is, that you will not understand me—I mean, sir, that it will lead you to take the wrong point of view. That walk is so laid out, as to be entered at the other end. The prospects suit best in that direction. Here, sir, here—how do you fancy this lawn?

Mr. L. It is a nice place indeed; if it was levelled, 'twould make a good bowling-green. It is a good deal like a place I used to go to, only the statue there was a shepherdess, and this is I don't know exactly what—'twas a tea-garden at Hoxton, where—

Sh. Pray, sir, don't mention such odious puppet-shows. This urn is inscribed to the memory of the late Mr. Somerville, the poet of *The Chase*. You may have heard Dodsley mention him.

Mr. L. I have, sir. Now, though that urn is of a good size, I have sold jars of real china nearly as big—I have indeed. Oh, then, that statue is the gentleman's monument!—Dear, what a very odd looking man he must have been—he has amazingly large ears, and great bumps, almost like horns, on his forehead!

Sh. I wish, Mr. Ludgate, you would keep to your crockery-ware comparisons; yet it is too ridiculous to be angry at. Heaven help your bow-bell wits! that is a cast of the piping Fawn, and not an image of Mr. Somerville. But come, come, we will leave this seat. Our next post is beyond those willows. This rough building is, you see, dedicated to my noble friend the Earl of Stamford.

Mr. L. And pray, sir, may I be so bold as to ask what my lord does with it? Does he keep any thing there?

Sh. Do with it? Pshaw, sir, he was present at the opening of that water-fall; and the building is named after him, to commemorate that occasion, and his friendship for me. After we have passed through that piece of forest ground, there is something that will, I presume, gratify you. Now, sir, here it is—read what is on that stone.

Mr. L. (Reads.)

TO MR. DODSLEY.

"Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display;
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own."

What! and so you have erected a tombstone to our friend Robert? But Doddy isn't dead yet. Is it not rather unusual, sir, to do it beforehand?

Sh. A tombstone! no such thing—a mere appropriation of the spot to the memory of a worthy man—a record of my respect for him—a compliment to a brother poet. However, sir, we must get forward—not so fast either—this bench will hold us both, while we look towards the Priory.

Mr. L. Why, your seats are so many—and, to say the truth, I a'n't at all tired, and don't in the least want to sit so soon again; and, besides, I had a little touch of gout last autumn. But, as you please, good sir, I'm conformable. Those pales round the Priory are rather roughish. What d'ye think, sir, of a neat Chinese railing? My wife has ordered ever so many yards of it for our fence.

Sh. Mrs. Ludgate may copy the designs on your quondam cups and saucers, and welcome; but I am not at all smitten with the teapot taste now in vogue. I derive my hints from paintings of another sort.

Mr. L. Every one to his liking—no affront, I hope. But what is here? a bowl, I protest. "To all our friends round the Wrekin."

Sh. That famous hill is seen from this station. It is the distant one which lies in that direction.

Mr. L. Is it indeed? I have heard talk of it. Now, I dare say, you have a syllabub out of this bowl sometimes.

Sh. No, sir, my beechen bowl has never been honoured (I should prefer saying, profaned) by such a rus-in-urbe beverage.

Mr. L. Then, sir, what do you drink out of it?

Sh. Pshaw, sir, there it stands, and looks in character; and the inscription is apt, and that is enough. Excuse me, for I am tired of whys and whats and wherefores. And you, sir, I am sure you are tired also. Now, I can assure you, that it is not worth while for you to go over the rest of the place; for there is nothing in the whole walk but wood and water, and shrubs and grass, and rocks and banks, and all that sort of things, with a few busts and inscriptions which you won't care a farthing for. Let me show you the short way to Hales Owen.

Mr. L. Why, I can't deny but that I thought I should see a garden full of flowers and fountains, and arbours and shell-work; but it has been all the world like taking a long walk by Hampstead and Highgate, with a peep into a churchyard now and then. However, as you are satisfied, I suppose you intended to make the place such as it is—didn't you, sir?

Sh. Yes, sir. I am strangely deficient in love for terraces, and yew peacocks, and smoking arbours, and ninepin alleys. I am afraid this sight-seeing has been as dull to you as it would have been to me to witness your unpacking some crates of delft ware. My compliments to Dodsley. That high road leads straight to Hales Owen—you can't miss it. I wish you a good morning.—O what a blessed riddance!

Milton at Chalfont.

Milton. Is the plague abated, Elwood, or does it still walk onward in its strength, commissioned as it is to chastise this evil nation?

Elwood. No, John Milton, it hath not ceased. The deaths indeed are some deal fewer, but the pestilence retains the same hold of the guilty city. It gladdeneth me, however, friend, to think that thou camest at my suggestion to this Zoar of Chalfont, where, under God, thou art, as it seemeth, aloof from peril.

Mil. Worthy friend, your care of me is not to be requited by thanks. The service you will have rendered to a later age, by saving me, must be your recompense. Blind as I am, crippled in my joints, and with the snows of premature age drifted among these locks of brown, I yet feel that I have that within which will make the world my debtor. These our times will not perchance acknowledge the obligation, for it is an age of slavery and frivolity, of shallowness and impiety, of profane jesting and depraved indulgence. Our writers no longer drink from the cisterns of their forefathers, but turn towards France, and draw their waters at her noisy but scanty fountains, while the wells of poesy in our native land are full even to overflowing, pure as drops of unswept dew, and wholesome as noon-tide breezes on the hills in summer. Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, are cast aside, and mouldiness is creeping over their covers, while a vile book of love-songs, some rhymester's sorry tragedy, or a miscellany, half-part folly and half-part lasciviousness, occupies the hands and heads of our wits and beauties. I trow I shall give them more substantial food, when I print the manuscript which I entrusted you with. But their cloyed appetites and debile stomachs will peradventure be unable to digest what has its basis in scripture, and its ornaments from diligent study of ancient and modern lore.

Elw. I have brought thy papers safely back.

Mil. And have you given the work an attentive perusal?

Elw. I have, friend John, and truly I may say, thou hast descanted on the lapse of our first parents very pertinently; but what aileth thee that thou hast not put rhymes to thy lines? they are not hexameters, or according to other classic metre—they are much one, I wot, as the verses in Abraham Cowley's *Davideis*; and yet neither he nor any other Englishman, as far as my poor knowledge goes, hath dispensed with rhymes in a narrative poem.

Mil. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of good verse; it is but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre.

Elw. Then this is an experiment of thine, is it not?

Mil. In some measure—for true it is, that most of the famous modern poets, carried away by custom, and much to their own vexation and hindrance and constraint, have submitted to the bondage of rhyme. But both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected it both in longer and shorter works; and in even our own English tragedies it has been cast aside, much to their advantage, so I claim not the invention of the metre, but only its application to a new purpose for which it is highly eligible.

Elw. Thou knowest, John Milton, that my religious persuasion forbiddeth me to be acquainted with the stage; and I have thought it right to abstain even from looking at the printed works of the much vaunted William Shakspeare.

Mil. Ay, in him, independently of the admirable matter, which 'tis pity that the fanatical notions of your sect cut you off from enjoying, you would find excellent specimens of the nobleness and beauty of this metre. Rhyme is a trivial thing, and of no true musical delight; for that consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse to another, and not in the jingling sound of like endings, which, among the learned ancients, was ever in disrepute, and avoided as a fault, both in poetry and all good oratory. In Shakspeare, however, whose purpose led him to employ this *verso sciolto* (as the Italians call it) in colloquies, you would find that he was not tied up to the metrical strictness I have submitted to—his is made more familiar—greater license and flexibility were essential to his design—not but that he hath passages of memorable and well sustained excellence, even if they be only rhythmically considered, much more if the skill, the imagination, the power, which revel in them, be taken into account. How can you defraud yourself, by such narrowness of mind, of such a treat, especially as you do not scruple to read the ancient dramatists? Where is the difference betwixt them?

Elw. We have talked of that before. I prefer telling thee what I thought of thy poem concerning Lost Paradise. I confess, that, though at first I thought thy metre prosaic, and lacking something of an accustomed delight, yet, before I had finished all thy ten books, I found such charming varieties of cadence, such continuousness and prolongation of a new kind of harmony, such suitableness of sound to the lofty import of the sense, that I could almost conceive that there was a resemblance between it and the pieces of grand music, which I have erst-while heard thee play upon thy organ.

Mil. Ah, you are getting the better of your prejudices. Mark me, such, however tardy the avowal may be in coming, will be the general and permanent opinion concerning this mode of verse,

well exercised. The neglect of rhyme, in a poem of magnitude, and on a solemn and weighty subject, is so little to be taken for a defect, (for that will be the cry when it first appears,) that this emprise of mine is rather to be esteemed the first good example set in England, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poetry, from the troublesome and new fangled bondage of rhyming.

Elw. Well, better judges than I am will determine upon thy success in this particular; but no one, John, will have a more friendly feeling of joy, if thine honest reputation is enlarged thereby.

Mil. I want not the buzz of contemporary applause, and I know that I shall not have it, Elwood. A petulant lampoon, a scrap of prurient sing-song, or a graceless fling at those sacred oracles, to which I have resorted for a subject, will find fitter audience than my theme can be expected to do in these degenerate times. The music of the songs of Zion is discord to the ears of the sons of Belial.

Elw. Pity is it that it is so; and yet, John Milton, solemn as thine argument is, and decorously as thou hast treated it, canst thou, without offence, denominate it a song of Zion? Remember, the still small voice of the Spirit whispered those songs only into favoured ears of old.

Mil. Why, good friend, what are your scruples? I do not insinuate that my production is any new portion of revelation. Nevertheless, what hinders but that it be the effect of a sacred efflux upon my spirit, the work of inspiration?

Elw. What! canst thou fancy a poem, John, to be the dictate of that sacred One, who is the comforter of the faithful? Is not this thing of thine a piece of verse-work, and merely meant to be the amusement of idle hours?

Mil. My poem is designed for no such unworthy end. The whole strength of no mean or inglorious mind has been applied to the creation of it. Not without frequent prayer to the enlightening source of all intellect, was it resolved upon; and as I hold, not without obtaining direction and illumination from above, was it accomplished. What, Elwood! shall your brethren in their conventicles lay claim to a perception of a Divine afflatus, and I will not dispute the truth of their assertions, illiterate and immethodical as their rhapsodies are, and therefore bearing small evidence to those beyond your pale of communion, that the spirit of knowledge has prompted them—and shall I, who have felt within me that exaltation above my common self, those powers of reaching in thought beyond this visible diurnal sphere, those concomitant promptings of pregnant matter, and meet harmonious language, those periodical unveilings of the mental eyes which at other whiles were as dark as these faded corporeal orbs which roll uselessly beneath this channelled forehead—shall I, who have found the tenor of my devoutest aspirations answered, who have arisen from prostration before the Divine footstool with the new sense of inner light im-

parted, and who have been permitted, though by other fingers than mine own, to inscribe on these pages a strain of poesy to which the harps of Solyma would not disdain to respond—shall I fear to call the power of having done this, inspiration from that sacred intelligence which touched the lips of Isaiah, till they sang of things to come in majestic numbers; and which same spirit gave the Son of Jesse to open his dark sayings upon the harp, or to awake the lute, so that by thanksgiving, and the voice of melody, that heart might be disburdened of its musings, in which the fire of devotion was ready for kindling?

Elw. I think, friend Milton, thou art almost rapt out of thyself even now. I will not argue on the topic with thee at present—we have oft enough canvassed our differences in religion, and neither hath far won upon the other in the way of conviction—but I trust, yea I am assured, that we think kindly and Christianly of each other's principles, and Heaven is wide enough for all who get thither, come by whichever path their conscience tells them is fittest. But to thy poem again—a thought struck me after concluding the perusal of it—thou hast said much of the losing of Paradise, and surely that is the more grievous and ungracious subject to dwell upon—what hast thou to say upon the regaining of it?

Mil. Ha! you say well—true it is, the redemption is in reality far the more important subject; but whether so well adapted for poetry, is other matter of inquiry. *Paradise Lost?* The counterpart may be *Paradise Won* or *Retrieved*, or (what shall we say?) *Regained*. This is no unworthy hint of yours, good Elwood. I will turn it over in my thoughts when I am alone. Meanwhile I will trouble you to read the rest of that play of Euripides, in which you were interrupted when you were last here. I cannot be reconciled to the barbarous northern pronunciation of all others who are kind enough to read to me, and I shall enjoy those silver sounds, the echoes of classic climes, to which, for my sake, you have conformed your tongue. Begin, friend, absence has given me double relish for the treat.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

Malthus.

“Go, my son,”—said a Swedish chancellor to his son,—“go and see with how little cost of wisdom this world is governed.” “Go,” might a scholar, in like manner say, after a thoughtful review of literature, “go and see—how little logic is required to the composition of most books.” Of the many attestations to this fact, furnished by the history of opinions in our hasty and unmeditative age, I know of none more striking than the case of Mr. Malthus, both as regards himself and his critics. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Malthus wrote his *Essay on Population*,

which soon rose into great reputation. And why? not for the truth it contained; *that* is but imperfectly understood even at present; but for the false semblance of systematic form with which he had invested the truth. Without any necessity he placed his whole doctrine on the following basis: man increases in a geometrical ratio—the food of man is an arithmetical ratio. This proposition, though not the main error of his work, is *one*; and therefore I shall spend a few lines in exposing it. I say then that the distinction is totally groundless: both tend to increase in a geometric ratio; both have this tendency checked and counteracted in the same way. In every thing which serves for the food of man, no less than in man himself, there is a *positive* ground of increase by geometrical ratios: but in order that this positive ground may go on to its effect, there must in each case be present a certain *negative* condition (i. e. *conditio sine qua non*)* for the food, as suppose for wheat, the negative condition is soil on which it may grow, and exert its virtue of self-multiplication; for man the negative condition is food: i. e. in both cases the negative condition is the same—*mutatis mutandis*: for the soil is to the wheat what the wheat is to man. Where this negative condition is present, both will increase geometrically; where it is absent, neither. And so far is it from being true that man has the advantage of the wheat, or increases according to any other law, as Mr. Malthus affirms, that on the contrary the wheat has greatly the advantage of man (though both increase according to the same law). But, says Mr. Malthus, you would find it impossible to increase the annual supply of wheat in England by so much as the continual addition even of the existing quantity; whereas man might, on a certain supposition, go on increasing his species in a geometric ratio. What is that supposition? Why this—that the negative condition of increase, the absence of which is the actual resistance in both cases to the realization of a geometric increase, is here by supposition restored to man but *not* restored to the wheat. It is certainly true that wheat in England increases only by an arithmetic ratio; but then so does man: and the inference thus far would be, that both alike were restricted to this law of increase. “Aye, but then man,” says Mr. Malthus, “will increase by another ratio, if you allow him an unlimited supply of food.” Well, I answer, and so will the wheat: to suppose this negative condition (an unlimited supply of food) concurring with the positive principle of increase in man, and to refuse to suppose it in the wheat, is not only contrary to all laws of disputing—but is also on this account the more monstrous, because the possibility and impossibility of the negative concurring with this positive ground of in-

* Once for all let me say to the readers of these memoranda that I use the term *negative condition* as equivalent to the term *conditio sine qua non*, and both in the scholastic sense. The negative condition of X is that which being absent X cannot exist; but which being present X will not *therefore* exist, unless a positive ground of X be co-present. Briefly,—If not, not: if yes, not therefore yes.

crease is equal, and (what is still more to the purpose) is identical for both: wheresoever the concurrence is realized for man, there of necessity it is realized for the wheat. And, therefore, you have not only a right to demand the same concession for the wheat as for the man, but the one concession is actually involved in the other. As the soil (S) is to the wheat (W), so is the wheat (W) to man (M); i. e. $S:W::W:M$. You cannot even by way of hypothesis assume any cause as multiplying the third term, which will not also presuppose the multiplication of the first: else you suffer W as the third term to be multiplied, and the very same W as the second term not to be multiplied. In fact, the coincidence of the negative with the positive ground of increase must of necessity take place in all countries during the early stages of society for the food of man no less than for man: this coincidence must exist and gradually cease to exist for both simultaneously. The negative condition, without which the positive principle of increase in man and in the food of man is equally inefficient, is withdrawn *in fact* as a country grows populous: for the sake of argument, and as the basis of a chain of reasoning, it may be restored *in idea* to either; but not more to one than to the other. That proposition of Mr. Malthus therefore which ascribes a different law of increase to man and to the food of man (which proposition is advanced by Mr. Malthus and considered by most of his readers as the fundamental one of his system) is false and groundless. Where the positive principle of increase meets with its complement the negative ground, there the increase proceeds in a geometrical ratio—alike in man and in his food: where it fails of meeting this complement, it proceeds in an arithmetical ratio, alike in both. And I say that wherever the geometrical ratio of increase exists for man, it exists of necessity for the food of man: and I say that wherever the arithmetical ratio exists for the food of man, it exists of necessity for man.

Lastly,—I repeat that, even where the food of man and man himself increase in the same *ratio* (viz. a geometrical ratio), yet that the food has greatly the advantage in the *rate* of increase. For assume any cycle of years (suppose 25) as the period of a human generation and as corresponding to the annual generations of wheat, then I say that, if a bushel of wheat and a human couple (man and woman) be turned out upon Salisbury plain—or, to give them more area and a better soil for the experiment, on the stage of Canada and the uncolonized countries adjacent,—the bushel of wheat shall have produced its cube—its 4th—10th—Mth power in a number of years which shall always be fewer than the number of periods of 25 years in which the human pair shall have produced its cube—its 4th—10th—Mth power, &c.—And this assertion may be easily verified by consulting any record of the average produce from a given quantity of seed corn.

II. The famous proposition therefore about the geometrical and arithmetical ratios as applied to man and his food—is a radical

blunder. I come now to a still more remarkable blunder, which I verily believe is the greatest logical oversight that has ever escaped any author of respectability. This oversight lies in Mr. Malthus's view of population considered not with reference to its own internal coherency but as an answer to Mr. Godwin. That gentleman, in common with some other philosophers,—no matter upon what arguments,—had maintained the doctrine of the 'perfectibility' of man. Now, says Mr. Malthus, without needing any philosophic investigation of this doctrine, I will overthrow it by a simple statement drawn from the political economy of the human race: I will suppose that state of perfection, towards which the human species is represented as tending, to be actually established: and I will show that it must melt away before the principle which governs population. How is this accomplished? briefly thus:—In every country the food of man either goes on increasing simply in an arithmetical ratio, or (in proportion as it becomes better peopled) is rapidly tending to such a ratio. Let us suppose this ratio every where established, as it must of necessity be as soon as no acre of land remains untilld which is susceptible of tillage; since no revolutions in the mere science of agriculture can be supposed capable of transmuting an arithmetic into a geometric ratio of increase. Food then increasing under this law can never go on *pari passu* with any population which should increase in a geometric ratio. Now what is it that prevents population from increasing in such a ratio? Simply the want of food. But how? Not directly, but through the instrumentality of vice and misery in some* shape or other. These are the repressing forces which every where keep down the increase of man to the same ratio as that of his food—viz. to an arithmetic ratio. But vice and misery can have no existence in a state of perfection; so much is evident *ex vi termini*. If then these are the only repressing forces, it follows that in a state of perfection there can be none at all. If none at all, then the geometric ratio of increase will take place. But, as the arithmetic ratio must still be the law for the increase of food, the population will be constantly getting ahead of the food. Famine, disease, and every mode of wretchedness will return: and thus out of its own bosom will the state of perfection have regenerated the worst forms of imperfection by necessarily bringing back the geometric ratio of human increase unsupported by the same ratio of increase amongst the food. This is the way in which Mr. Malthus applies his doctrine of population to the overthrow of Mr. Godwin. Upon which I put this question to Mr. Malthus. In what condition must the human will be supposed, if with the

* What is the particular shape which they put on in most parts of the earth—furnishes matter for the commentary of Mr. Malthus on his own doctrine, and occupies the greater part of his work. The materials are of course drawn from voyages and travels; but from so slender a reading in that department of literature, that the whole should undoubtedly be re-written and more learnedly supported by authorities.

clear view of this fatal result (such a view as must be ascribed to it in a state of perfection), it could nevertheless bring its own acts into no harmony with reason and conscience? Manifestly it must be in a most diseased state. Aye, says Mr. Malthus, but "I take it for granted" that no important change will ever take place in that part of human nature. Be it so, I answer: but the question here is not concerning the *absolute* truth,—Is there any hope that the will of man can ever raise itself from its present condition of weakness and disorder? The question is concerning the formal or logical truth—concerning the truth *relatively* to a specific concession previously made. Mr. Malthus had consented to argue with Mr. Godwin on the supposition that a state of perfection might be and actually was attained. How comes he then to 'take for granted' what in a moment makes his own concession void? He agrees to suppose a perfect state; and at the same time he includes in this supposition the main imperfection of this world—viz. the diseased will of man. This is to concede and to retract in the same breath; explicitly to give, and implicitly to refuse. Mr. Godwin may justly retort upon Mr. Malthus—you promised to show that the state of perfection should generate out of itself an inevitable relapse into that state of imperfection: but *your* state of perfection already includes imperfection, and imperfection of a sort which is the principal parent of almost all other imperfection. Eve, after her fall, was capable of a higher resolution than is here ascribed to the children of perfection; for she is represented by Milton as saying to Adam

———miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
—Our own begotten; and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster: in thy power
It lies yet, ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest—to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain :—

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What an imperfect creature could meditate, a perfect one should execute. And it is evident that, if ever the condition of man were brought to so desirable a point as that simply by replacing itself the existing generation could preserve unviolated a state of perfection, it would become the duty (and, if the duty, *therefore* the inclination of perfect beings) to comply with that ordinance of the reason.*

* Mr. Malthus has been charged with a libel on human nature for denying its ability even in its present imperfect condition to practise the abstinence here alluded to—provided an adequate motive to such abstinence existed. But this charge I request the reader to observe that I do not enter into. Neither do I enter into the question—whether any great change for the better in the moral nature of the man is reasonably to be anticipated. What I insist on is simply the *logical* error of Mr. Malthus in introducing into the hypothesis which he consents to assume one element which is a contradiction *in terminis* to that hypothesis. Admit that Mr. Malthus is right in denying the possibility of a perfect state of man on this earth; he cannot be right in assuming an enormous imperfection (disorder of the will) as one constituent of that perfect state.

III. Thus far on the errors of Mr. Malthus:—now let me add a word or two on the errors of his critics. But first it ought in candour to be acknowledged that Mr. Malthus's own errors, however important separately considered, are venial as regards his system; for they leave it unaffected, and might be extirpated by the knife without drawing on any consequent extirpations or even any alterations. That sacrifice once made to truth and to logic,—I shall join with Mr. Ricardo (Pol. Econ. p. 498, 2d ed.) in expressing my persuasion “that the just reputation of the Essay on Population will spread with the cultivation of that science of which it is so eminent an ornament.” With these feelings upon Mr. Malthus's merits, it may be supposed that I do not regard his critics with much sympathy: taking them generally, they seem to have been somewhat captious, and in a thick mist as to the true meaning and tendency of the doctrine. Indeed I question whether any man amongst them could have begun his own work by presenting a just analysis of that which he was assailing; which however ought always to be demanded peremptorily of him who assails a systematic work, for the same reason that in the old schools of disputation the respondent was expected to repeat the syllogism of his opponent before he undertook to answer it. Amongst others Mr. Coleridge, who probably contented himself *more suo* with reading the first and last pages of the work, has asserted that Mr. Malthus had written a 4to. volume (in which shape the second edition appeared) to prove that man could not live without exertion. If this were the purpose and amount of the Malthusian doctrine, doubtless an infra-duodecimo would have been a more becoming size for his speculations. But I, who have read the 4to. must assure Mr. Coleridge that there is something more in it than *that*. I shall also remind him that, if a man produces a body of original and eminently useful truths, in that case the more simple—the more elementary—the more self-evident is the proposition on which he suspends the chain of those truths,—the greater is his merit. Many systems of truth, which have a sufficient internal consistency, have yet been withheld from the world or have lost their effect, simply because the author has been unable to bridge over the gulf between his own clear perceptions and the universal knowledge of mankind—has been unable to deduce the new truths from the old *precognita*. I say therefore that our obligations to Mr. Malthus are the greater for having hung upon a postulate, so simple as that which Mr. Coleridge alleges, so much valuable instruction both theoretic and practical as his work contains. Is it nothing for our theoretic knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught us to judge more wisely of the pretended depopulations from battle, pestilence, and famine, with which all history has hitherto teemed? Is it nothing for our practical knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught the lawgivers and the governors of the world to treat with contempt the pernicious counsels of political economists from Athenian days down to our own—clamour-

ing for direct encouragements to population? Is it nothing for England that he first has exposed the fundamental* vice of our Poor Laws (viz. that they act as a bounty on population), and placed a light-house upon the rocks to which our course was rapidly carrying us in darkness? Is it nothing for science and the whole world that, by unfolding the laws which govern population, he has given to political economy its complement and sole desideratum; which wanting, all its movements were insecure and liable to error; which added, political economy (however imperfect as to its development) has now become, as to the *idea* of its parts, perfect and orbicular?—Is this, and more that might be alleged, nothing? I say, Mr. Coleridge,

—Is this nothing?

Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing:

The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing.

Winter's Tale.

Others, who have been more just to Mr. Malthus than Mr. Coleridge, and have admitted the value of the truths brought forward, have disputed his title to the first discovery. A fuller development and a more extensive application of these truths they concede to him: but they fancy that in the works of many others before him they find the outlines of the same truths more or less distinctly expressed. And doubtless in some passages of former economists, especially of Sir James Steuart, and in one work of Wallace (*Views of Providence, &c.*) there is so near an approach made to the Malthusian doctrine—that at this day, when we are in possession of that doctrine, we feel inclined to exclaim in the children's language of blind-man's buff—Lord! how he *burns*!—But the best evidence that none of these writers did actually touch the central point of the doctrine—is this; that none of them deduced from it those corollaries as to the English poor laws—foundling hospitals—endowments of cottages with land—and generally of all artificial devices for stimulating population, which could not have escaped a writer of ability who had once possessed himself of the entire truth. In fact, such is the anarchy of thought in most writers on subjects which they have never been led to treat systematically—that it is nothing uncommon to meet with a passage written apparently under Malthusian views in one page of a writer who in the next will possibly propose a tax on celibacy—a prize for early marriages—or some other absurdity not less outrageously hostile to those views.—No! let the merit of Mr. Malthus be otherwise what it may, his originality is incontestable—unless an earlier writer can be adduced who has made the same oblique applications of the doctrine, and in general who has shown with what consequences that doctrine is pregnant; separate from which consequences the mere naked doctrine, in and for itself, is but a meagre truth.

* Fundamental, I mean, for the political economist: otherwise for the philosopher they have a still profounder vice, in their obvious tendency to degrade the moral character of their objects in their best elements of civic respectability.

On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*: it was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account: the effect was—that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity: yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.—

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophic purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science—as for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why?—For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But, to return from this digression,—my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could

not produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it.—At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with any thing that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his: and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, “There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that’s worth speaking of.” But this is wrong: for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams.—Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakspeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare’s suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of “the poor beetle that we tread on,” exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with *him*; (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy* of pity or approbation:) in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him “with its petrific mace.” But in the murderer, such

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it should naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity*; and hence, instead of saying, “sympathy *with* another,” many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of “sympathy *for* another.”

a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion,—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred,—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, “the gracious Duncan,” and adequately to expound “the deep damnation of his taking off,” this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.* the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man,—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader’s attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chanced to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady *Macbeth* is “unsexed;” *Macbeth* has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must

for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done—when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Oh! mighty poet!—Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

N. B. In the above specimen of psychological criticism, I have purposely omitted to notice another use of the knocking at the gate, viz. the opposition and contrast which it produces in the porter's comments to the scenes immediately preceding; because this use is tolerably obvious to all who are accustomed to reflect on what they read. A third use also, subservient to the scenical illusion, has been lately noticed by a critic in the *London Magazine*: I fully agree with him; but it did not fall in my way to insist on this.

X. Y. Z.

LETTER OF ELIA* TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQUIRE.

SIR,—You have done me an unfriendly office, without perhaps much considering what you were doing. You have given an ill name to my poor Lucubrations. In a recent paper on Infidelity, you usher in a conditional commendation of them with an exception; which, preceding the encomium, and taking up nearly the same space with it, must impress your readers with the notion, that the objectionable parts in them are at least equal in quantity to the

* Charles Lamb.

pardonable. The censure is in fact the criticism; the praise—a concession merely. Exceptions usually follow, to qualify praise or blame. But there stands your reproof, in the very front of your notice, in ugly characters, like some bugbear, to frighten all good Christians from purchasing. Through you I am become an object of suspicion to preceptors of youth, and fathers of families. “*A book, which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original.*” With no further explanation, what must your readers conjecture, but that my little volume is some vehicle for heresy or infidelity? The quotation, which you honour me by sub-joining, oddly enough, is of a character, which bespeaks a temperament in the writer the very reverse of *that* your reproof goes to insinuate. Had you been taxing me with superstition, the passage would have been pertinent to the censure. Was it worth your while to go so far out of your way to affront the feelings of an old friend, and commit yourself by an irrelevant quotation, for the pleasure of reflecting upon a poor child, an exile at Genoa?

I am at a loss what particular Essay you had in view (if my poor ramblings amount to that appellation) when you were in such a hurry to thrust in your objection, like bad news, foremost.—Perhaps the Paper on “Saying Graces?” was the obnoxious feature. I have endeavoured there to rescue a voluntary duty—good in place, but never, as I remember, literally commanded—from the charge of an undecent formality. Rightly taken, Sir, that Paper was not against Graces, but Want of Grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it.

Or was it *that* on the “New Year”—in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene?—If men would honestly confess their misgivings (which few men will) there are times when the strongest Christians of us, I believe, have reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith—Others who stoutly venture into the dark (their Human confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith;) and, investing themselves beforehand with Cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar, and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday—Some whose hope totters upon crutches—Others who stalk into futurity upon stilts.

The contemplation of a Spiritual World,—which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation,—is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

One man shall love his friends and his friends’ faces; and, under

the uncertainty of conversing with them again, in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, &c. as upon earth—in a moment of no irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances), to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision—so that he might receive indefinite additaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, &c.—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart, is born in every one of us.

Some (and such have been accounted the safest divines) have shrunk from pronouncing upon the final state of any man; nor dare they pronounce the case of Judas to be desperate. Others (with stronger optics), as plainly as with the eye of flesh, shall behold a *given king* in bliss, and a *given chamberlain* in torment; even to the eternising of a cast of the eye in the latter, his own self-mocked and good humouredly-borne deformity on earth, but supposed to aggravate the uncouth and hideous expression of his pangs in the other place. That one man can presume so far, and that another would with shuddering disclaim such confidences, is, I believe, an effect of the nerves purely.

If in either of these Papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities—not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the out-skirts and extreme edges, the debateable land between the holy and the profane regions—for the admixture of man's inventions, twisting themselves with the name of religion itself, has artfully made it difficult to touch even the alloy, without, in some men's estimation, soiling the fine gold)—if I have sported within the purlieu of serious matter—it was, I dare say, a humour—be not startled, Sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the Devil. Not of the scriptural meaning of that dark essence—personal or allegorical; for the nature is no where plainly delivered. I acquit you of intentional irreverence. But indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. A noble Lord, your brother Visionary, has scarcely taken greater liberties with the material keys, and merely Catholic notion of St. Peter.—You have flattered him in prose: you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his Jester; Volunteer Laureat, and self-elected Court Poet to Beël-zebub.

You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks, think to be so. For this reason I am sorry to hear, that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your se-

riousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hands. The Methodists are shy of you, upon account of *their* founder. But, above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a Golden one to you. And here, your friends, Sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters—their Virgin, and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings, and the richest imagery, of your Epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court; leave his holiness in the lurch; and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse—

— ten thousand leagues awry.

Then might we see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds.

You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and, swifter than a pedlar can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night.

Sir, is it that I dislike you in this merry vein? The very reverse. No countenance becomes an intelligent jest better than your own. It is your grave aspect, when you look awful upon you poor friends, which I would deprecate.

In more than one place, if I mistake not, you have been pleased to compliment me at the expense of my companions. I cannot accept your compliment at such a price. The upbraiding a man's poverty naturally makes him look about him, to see whether he be so poor indeed as he is presumed to be. You have put me upon counting my riches. Really, Sir, I did not know I was so wealthy in the article of friendships. There is —, and —, whom you never heard of, but exemplary characters both, and excellent church-goers; and N., mine and my father's friend for nearly half a century; and the enthusiast for Wordsworth's poetry, T. N. T., a little tainted with Socinianism, it is to be feared, but constant in his attachments, and a capital critic; and —, a sturdy old Athanasian, so that sets all to rights again; and W., the light, and warm-as-light hearted, Janus of the London; and the translator of Dante,

still a curate, modest and amiable C.; and Allan C., the large-hearted Scot; and P—r, candid and affectionate as his own poetry; and A—p, Coleridge's friend; and G—n, his more than friend; and Coleridge himself, the same to me still, as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, Sir?) at our old Salutation tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth; and W—th (why, Sir, I might drop my rent-roll here; such goodly farms and manors have I reckoned up already. In what possessions has not this last name alone estated me!—but I will go on)—and M., the noble-minded kinsman, by wedlock, of W—th; and H. C. R., unwearied in the offices of a friend; and Clarkson, almost above the narrowness of that relation, yet condescending not seldom heretofore from the labours of his world-embracing charity to bless my humble roof; and the gall-less and single-minded Dyer; and the high-minded associate of Cook, the veteran Colonel, with his lusty heart still sending cartels of defiance to old Time; and, not least, W. A. the last and steadiest left to me of that little knot of whist-players, that used to assemble weekly, for so many years, at the Queen's Gate (you remember them, Sir?) and called Admiral Burney friend.

I will come to the point at once. I believe you will not make many exceptions to my associates so far. But I have purposely omitted some intimacies, which I do not yet repent of having contracted, with two gentlemen, diametrically opposed to yourself in principles. You will understand me to allude to the authors of *Rimini** and of the *Table-Talk*†. And first, of the former.—

It is an error more particularly incident to persons of the correct principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species; and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to *Terra Incognita*, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse? If the persons, whom I have chiefly in view, have not pushed matters to this extremity yet, they carry them as far as they can go. Instead of mixing with the infidel and the free-thinker—in the room of opening a negotiation, to try at least to find out at which gate the error entered—they huddle close together, in a weak fear of infection, like that pusillanimous underling in Spenser—

This is the wandering wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I read, beware. Fly, fly, quoth then
The fearful Dwarf.

* Leigh Hunt.

† William Haslitt.

and, if they be writers in orthodox journals—addressing themselves only to the irritable passions of the unbeliever—they proceed in a safe system of strengthening the strong hands, and confirming the valiant knees; of converting the already converted, and proselyting their own party. I am the more convinced of this from a passage in the very Treatise which occasioned this letter. It is where, having recommended to the doubter the writings of Michaelis and Lardner, you ride triumphant over the necks of all infidels, sceptics, and dissenters, from this time to the world's end, upon the wheels of two unanswerable deductions. I do not hold it meet to set down in a Miscellaneous Compilation like this, such religious words as you have thought fit to introduce into the pages of a petulant Literary Journal. I therefore beg leave to substitute *numerals*, and refer to the Quarterly Review (for July) for filling of them up. "Here," say you, "as in the history of 7, if these books are authentic, the events which they relate must be true; if they were written by 8, 9 is 10 and 11." Your first deduction, if it means honestly, rests upon two identical propositions; though I suspect an unfairness in one of the terms, which this would not be quite the proper place for explicating. At all events *you* have no cause to triumph; you have not been proving the premises, but refer for satisfaction therein to very long and laborious works, which may well employ the sceptic a twelve-month or two to digest, before he can possibly be ripe for your conclusion. When he has satisfied himself about the premises, he will concede to you the inference, I dare say, most readily—But your latter deduction, *viz.* that because 8 has written a book concerning 9, therefore 10 and 11 was certainly his meaning, is one of the most extraordinary conclusions *per saltum* that I have had the good fortune to meet with. As far as 10 is verbally asserted in the writings, all sects must agree with you; but you cannot be ignorant of the many various ways in which the doctrine of the ***** has been understood, from a low figurative expression (with the Unitarians) up to the most mysterious actuality; in which highest sense alone you and your church take it. And for 11, and that there is *no other possible conclusion*—to hazard this in the face of so many thousands of Arians and Socinians, &c., who have drawn so opposite a one, is such a piece of theological hardihood, as, I think, warrants me in concluding that, when you sit down to pen theology, you do not at all consider your opponents; but have in your eye, merely and exclusively, readers of the same way of thinking with yourself, and therefore have no occasion to trouble yourself with the quality of the logic, to which you treat them.

Neither can I think, if you had had the welfare of the poor child—over whose hopeless condition you whine so lamentably and (I must think) unseasonably—seriously at heart, that you could have taken the step of sticking him up *by name*—T. H. is as good as *naming* him—to perpetuate an outrage upon the parental feelings, as long as the Quarterly Review shall last.—Was it necessary to

specify an individual case, and give to Christian compassion the appearance of personal attack? Is this the way to conciliate unbelievers, or not rather to widen the breach irreparably?

I own I could never think so considerably of myself as to decline the society of an agreeable or worthy man upon difference of opinion only. The impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man. Some believe upon weak principles. Others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. One of the most candid, most upright, and single-meaning men, I ever knew, was the late Thomas Holcroft. I believe he never said one thing and meant another, in his life; and, as near as I can guess, he never acted otherwise than with the most scrupulous attention to conscience. Ought we to wish the character false, for the sake of a hollow compliment to Christianity?

Accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. L. H.—and the experience of his many friendly qualities confirmed a friendship between us. You, who have been misrepresented yourself, I should hope, have not lent an idle ear to the calumnies which have been spread abroad respecting this gentleman. I was admitted to his household for some years, and do most solemnly aver that I believe him to be in his domestic relations as correct as any man. He chose an ill-judged subject for a poem; the peccant humours of which have been visited on him tenfold by the artful use, which his adversaries have made, of an *equivocal term*. The subject itself was started by Dante, but better because briefer treated of. But the crime of the lovers, in the Italian and the English poet, with its aggravated enormity of circumstance, is not of a kind (as the critics of the latter well knew) with those conjunctions, for which Nature herself has provided no excuse, because no temptation.—It has nothing in common with the black horrors, sung by Ford and Massinger. The familiarizing of it in tale or fable may be for that reason incidentally more contagious. In spite of Rimini, I must look upon its author as a man of taste, and a poet. He is better than so, he is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew, and matchless as a fire-side companion. I mean not to affront or wound your feelings when I say that, in his more genial moods, he has often reminded me of you. There is the same air of mild dogmatism—the same condescending to a boyish sportiveness—in both your conversations. His hand-writing is so much the same with your own, that I have opened more than one letter of his, hoping, nay, not doubting, but it was from you, and have been disappointed (he will bear with my saying so) at the discovery of my error. L. H. is unfortunate in holding some loose and not very definite speculations (for at times I think he hardly knows whether his premises would carry him) on marriage—the tenets, I conceive, of the Political Justice, carried a little further. For any thing I could discover in his practice, they have reference, like those, to some future possible condition of society, and not to the present times. But neither for these obliquities of thinking (upon

which my own conclusions are as distant as the poles asunder)—nor for his political asperities and petulances, which are wearing out with the heats and vanities of youth—did I select him for a friend; but for qualities which fitted him for that relation. I do not know whether I flatter myself with being the occasion, but certain it is, that, touched with some misgivings for sundry harsh things which he had written aforetime against our friend C.,—before he left this country he sought a reconciliation with that gentleman (himself being his own introducer), and found it.

L. H. is now in Italy; on his departure to which land with much regret I took my leave of him and of his little family—seven of them, Sir, with their mother—and as kind a set of little people (T. H. and all), as affectionate children, as ever blessed a parent. Had you seen them, Sir, I think you could not have looked upon them as so many little Jonasses—but rather as pledges of the vessel's safety, that was to bear such a freight of love.

I wish you would read Mr. H's lines to that same T. H. "six years old, during a sickness:"—

Sleep breaks at last from out thee,
My little patient boy—

(they are to be found on the 47th page of "*Foliage*")—and ask yourself how far they are out of the spirit of Christianity. I have a letter from Italy, received but the other day, into which L. H. has put as much heart, and as many friendly yearnings after old associates, and native country, as, I think, paper can well hold. It would do you no hurt to give that the perusal also.

From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L. H. made to C. What hath soured him, and made him to suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have ever spoke my full mind of him to some, to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him, I never betrayed him, I never slackened in my admiration of him, I was the same to him (neither better nor worse) though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant, he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for any thing I know, or can guess, to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them (as he was to my humble hearth,) if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But, protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversation which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply; or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—

I should belie my own conscience, if I said less, than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy, which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, Sir—I return to the correspondence.—

Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. The last sect, with which you can remember me to have made common profession, were the Unitarians. You would think it not very pertinent, if (fearing that all was not well with you), I were gravely to invite you (for a remedy) to attend with me a course of Mr. Belsham's Lectures, at Hackney. Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety, by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned, like a dog or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings, which I could not help, but not very genial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your Churches.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you, and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westminster Abbey, be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to

the decencies, which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir—a hint in your Journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the Beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!—If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time, as *that* lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anticlimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may co-exist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.—A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife, and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, every sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. Show the poor, that you can sometimes think of them in some other light than as mutineers and mal-contents. Conciliate them by such kind methods to their superiors, civil and ecclesiastical. Stop the mouths of the railers; and suffer your old friends, upon the old terms, again to honour and admire you. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the stale evasion, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer

themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André. And is it for this—the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic Freedom—or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty—is it upon such wretched pretences, that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know any thing about the unfortunate relic?—can you help us in this emergency to find the nose?—or can you give Chantry a notion (from memory) of its pristine life and vigour? I am willing for peace' sake to subscribe my guinea towards a restoration of the lamented feature.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ELIA.

OUR LADY'S WELL.*

FOUNT of the Woods! thou art hid no more
From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore!
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the Sun's free glance on thy slumber falls,
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass,
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the Autumn-wind hath a stormy tone,
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
Bright Fount! thou art Nature's own again!

Fount of the Vale! thou art sought no more
By the Pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chaunt his hymn, at our Lady's well.
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone midst thy water-flowers;
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
Bright Fount! thou art Nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine!
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;

* A beautiful Spring in North Wales, formerly dedicated to the Virgin, and much frequented by Pilgrims.

'Midst the mirthful song of the summer-bird,
 And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!—
 Why is it that thus we may look on thee,
 To the festal sunshine sparkling free?—
 'Tis that all on earth is of Time's domain—
 He hath made thee Nature's own again!

Fount of the Chapel with ages grey!
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
 Thy rites are passed, and thy Cross lies low,
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought,
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought,
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
 Or prayer from a chasten'd heart to Heaven,
 Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
 Who hath made thee Nature's own again!

F. H.*

MR. RICARDO.

IT is with inexpressible concern that we have to announce the death of this truly excellent person. This afflicting event, which was caused by the formation of water in the head, took place at Gatcomb Park, Gloucestershire, on the 11th September.

The country has seldom sustained so great a loss; and in many respects, indeed, we consider it as quite irreparable. Mr. Ricardo came late into the House of Commons, and he seldom spoke except on questions of Political Economy. But the integrity of his character, the mildness and suavity of his manners, the perfect mastery which he possessed over his subject, and the unquestionable purity and disinterestedness of his intentions, secured him a very extensive and powerful influence both in the House and the country, and gave the greatest weight and authority to his opinions. Mr. Ricardo was not one of those who make speeches to suit the temporary and ephemeral circumstances and politics of the day. He spoke only from principle, and with a fixed and unalterable resolution never to deviate in the slightest degree from the path which it pointed out. He neither concealed nor modified an opinion for the purpose of conciliating the favour, or of disarming the prejudice or hostility of any man or party of men. Nor did he ever make a speech, or give a vote, which he was not thoroughly and intimately convinced was founded on just principles, and calculated to promote the true and lasting interests of the public. Trained to habits of profound thinking, independent in his fortune, and inflexible in his principles, Mr. Ricardo had nothing in common with the vulgar tribe of party politicians. He was at once a patriot and a philosopher. His country's good was the single and only object of his Parliamentary exertions. And he laboured to promote it, not by engaging in party cabals, which he detested, but by supporting the rights and liberties of all classes, and by ex-

* Mrs. Hemans.

plaining and unfolding the true sources of national wealth and public prosperity.

Few men ever possessed, in a higher degree than Mr. Ricardo, the talent of speaking and conversing with clearness and facility on the most abstruse and difficult subjects. In this respect, his speeches were greatly superior to his publications. The latter cannot be readily understood and followed without considerable attention. But nothing could exceed the ease and perspicuity with which he elucidated the most refined and delicate points of economical science, both in his public speeches and in conversation. Without being forcible, his style of speaking was easy, fluent, and pleasing. It was impossible to take him off his guard. To those who were not familiar with his investigations, some of his positions were apt to appear paradoxical. But the paradox was only in appearance. He never advanced an opinion on which he had not deeply reflected, and without examining it in every point of view. And the readiness with which he met and overthrew the most specious objections that the ablest men in the House could state to his doctrines, is the best proof of their correctness, and of the superiority and acuteness of his understanding. That there were greater orators, and men of more varied and general acquirements, in Parliament, than Mr. Ricardo, we readily allow; but, we are bold to say, that, in point of deep, clear, and comprehensive intellect, he had no superior, and very few, if any, equals, either in Parliament or in the country.

As a Political Economist, Mr. Ricardo stood unrivalled and alone. None of his contemporaries came near him. If he was inferior to Smith, it was only in the power of illustration; for he was superior to him, and to all others, in the dexterity with which he unravelled the most abstruse and intricate questions, in the unerring sagacity with which he traced and investigated the operation of general and fixed principles, in the skill with which he separated and disentangled them from such as were of a secondary and accidental nature, and in a clear perception of their remotest consequences and results. After every allowance has been made for its deficiencies in style and arrangement, it is still certain that the "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*" is the most original, profound, and truly valuable philosophical work that has appeared since the publication of the "*Wealth of Nations*."

Mr. Ricardo's philosophical attainments, and the habits of abstract and close thinking in which he delighted to indulge, were the more remarkable from the circumstances in which they were acquired and formed. The best part of his life was spent on the Stock Exchange, where his industry, perseverance, and talent, enabled him to accumulate an ample fortune. But amid all the distractions of so busy a life, he never forgot his speculative pursuits; and the moment he had attained to opulence, he retired from business, and devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the cultivation of that most interesting science, of which he has

become a second founder, and with which his name is imperishably associated.

In private life, Mr. Ricardo was most amiable. He was a kind and indulgent father and husband, and a warm, affectionate, and zealous friend. No man was ever more thoroughly free of every species of artifice and pretension. He was simple, plain, and unassuming—at once the gentlest and the firmest of human beings. He was particularly fond of assembling intelligent men around him, and of conversing in the freest and most unrestrained manner on all topics of interest, but especially on those connected with his favourite science. He was always ready to give way to others, and never discovered the least impatience to speak; but when he did speak, the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, his perfect candour, and his extraordinary talent for resolving a question into its elements, and for setting the most difficult subject in the clearest and most striking point of view, arrested the attention of every one, and made him the delight and idol of all who had the happiness to hear him. Mr. Ricardo never entered into an argument, whether in public or private, for the purpose of baffling an opponent, or of gaining a victory: he could not conceive such a motive. His exclusive object was the discovery of truth. He was ever open to conviction; and if he was satisfied that he had either supported or advanced an erroneous opinion, he was the first to acknowledge his error, and to caution others against it.

Mr. Ricardo had not completed his fifty-sixth year. His constitution, though not robust, was sound, and his health such as to promise a long life of usefulness. He was actively engaged, at the period when his mortal disease attacked him, in the most profound and elaborate investigations; and, we believe, had nearly completed an Essay on the proper constitution of a National Bank. It is lamentable to think that the country should have been so soon deprived of the services of such a man. To his friends his loss can never be repaired. And a long, very long period will elapse, before an Economist of equal knowledge, integrity, and candour, again finds his way into the House of Commons.

[EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER ACCOUNT.]

“Mr. Ricardo was a man of distinguished abilities; and in the House of Commons, his opinions were received with the most respectful attention, as well from the general opinion of his profound knowledge of all the mysteries of commerce, as from his amiable disposition and conciliating manners. His loss will not be more regretted as a public man, than as a private character; his exemplary benevolence to the poor—the endearing qualities of an affectionate husband and parent—and the generosity of a liberal and kind friend, combine to render his death a calamity universally deplored. The history of Mr. Ricardo holds out a bright and inspiring example. Mr. Ricardo had every thing to do for himself: and he did every thing. He had his fortune to make, he had his

mind to form, he had even his education to commence and to conduct. In a field of the most intense competition, he realized a large fortune, with the universal esteem and affection of those who could best judge of the honour and purity of his acts. Amid this scene of active exertion and practical detail, he cultivated and he acquired habits of intense and patient and comprehensive thinking, such as have been rarely equalled, and never excelled. The lights which Mr. Ricardo shed upon the science of political economy may be compared, either for difficulty or for importance, with those which have given renown to the very greatest names in the history of moral and political science. A new field of exertion was opened to him in the House of Commons; and when one reflects on what he had done, and what he was capable of doing, to accelerate the progress of enlightened legislation, it is difficult to point out another life the loss of which could be regarded as such an evil to his country. It is known how signal a change has taken place in the tone of the House of Commons, on subjects of Political Economy, during his short parliamentary career; and though he had the advantage of a ministry, some of whom were sufficiently enlightened to be warm in the same beneficent course, yet they will not be among the most backward to acknowledge how much his calm and clear exposition of principles, his acute detection of sophistry, and unwearied industry, contributed to the great result; and they will be among those most sensible to his loss."

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

On the Defective Vision of the Horse.—The following very curious facts are mentioned by Dr. Knox, in his valuable paper on the Comparative Anatomy of the Eye, lately communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. "I observed a very singular fact in Africa, which first awakened my suspicions relative to the defective vision of the horse. In that country we were forced, from a deficiency of pasturage, to allow our horses to graze at perfect liberty on the open deserts, and they, so situated, seemed to acquire many of the habits which the animal would probably possess in a perfectly wild state. They grazed generally in small troops, to which an entire horse, or one of the boldest of the geldings, seemed to serve as protector; on the approach of strangers, the troop immediately collected into a circle, and remained so until the horse appointed to watch over the general safety had ascertained whether or not danger was to be apprehended, by a nearer approach of the object suspected. On one occasion, having gone into the fields with a few friends, of whom one was dressed in a morning gown, and, coming unexpectedly on the troop of horses, they were observed to collect immediately into a circle, and to detach one of their number, with a view to ascertain the nature of the very unusual appearance, which they evidently saw but indistinctly, though scarcely three quarters of a mile removed from the place where we stood. It was now I remarked, with some surprise, that the horse did not, during the very long and circuitous course, approach much nearer us, but made hastily for that situation in which we should be placed between him and the quarter from whence the wind blew; thus evidently employing the organ of smell in preference to that of sight."

Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machinery.—We have much pleasure in informing our readers, that government have, in the handsomest manner, advanced £1500 to Mr. Babbage, to complete one of his calculating machines on a large scale.

Electricity elicited from the Domestic Cat.—In addition to the notice in the *Philosophical Journal*, of eliciting sensible shocks of electricity from the body of a cat, I beg to mention, that very distinct discharges may be obtained by touching the tips of the ears, after applying friction to the back. It is very long since I made the experiment, and, at the time, I remarked the same from the foot. Placing the cat on my knee, I applied the right hand to the back, the left fore-paw resting on the palm of my left hand, I applied the thumb to the upper side of the paw, so as to extend the claws, and by this means brought my fore-finger into contact with one of the bones of the leg, where it joins the paw; from the knob or end of this bone, the finger slightly pressing on it, I felt distinctly successive shocks, similar to what were obtained from the ears. It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that in order to this experiment being conveniently performed, the cat must have been from an early period on good terms with the experimenter.

Insects in Amber.—M. Schweigger having very attentively examined the insects contained in the bits of yellow amber of the coasts of Prussia, and which at first sight might be thought to be the same as the present insects of that country, has found that they in fact often belong to the same genera, but not to the same species as those living at the present day. Among the small number of insects described and figured in the work of this author, we observe, in particular, an unknown species of scorpion, and a spider which differs from all the species living at present, in not having the head of a single piece with the thorax. M. Germar, Professor at Halle, has given the result of a similar investigation in an *Entomological Journal*, where he tries to determine some species of those amber insects, the analogues of which are not found alive at the present day.

Earth-worms multiply by Eggs.—M. Julius Leo, of Berlin, has confirmed, by new observations, what Swammerdam has already said on the subject of earth-worms, namely, that they multiply by eggs, which are found in spring, and which allow not only the enclosed young animal to be seen, but also the circulation of its blood. These observations have been confirmed, (*Isis*, 1820, vol. iv. p. 386.) by M. Rudolphi, according to whom, what some modern naturalists have found in the body of earth-worms, and which they have taken for the living young of these worms, is nothing else than an intestinal worm improperly named *Ascaris lumbrici*, which he refers to the genus *Fibrio*, and which he has found not only in the worms themselves, but also in their eggs.

Artificial Mahogany.—The following method of giving any species of wood of a close grain, the appearance of mahogany in texture, density and polish, is said to be practised in France with such success, that the best judges are incapable of distinguishing between the imitation and the mahogany. The surface is first planed smooth, and the wood is then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. One ounce and a half of dragon's blood, dissolved in a pint of spirits of wine, and one-third of an ounce of carbonate of soda, are then to be mixed together and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be laid on with a soft brush. This process is repeated, and in a short interval afterwards the wood possesses the external appearance we have described. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil.

New Voyage of M. Kotzebue.—M. Kotzebue is about to set out on a new voyage of discovery round the world, at the expense of the Russian government, principally with the view of fixing the positions of the places discovered in his last voyage. His vessel is about five times larger than the *Rurick*.

Water-proof Cloth.—A chemist of Glasgow has discovered a simple and efficacious method of rendering woollen, silk, or cotton cloth completely water-proof. The mode adopted is to dissolve caoutchouc in coal tar oil, produced in abundance at the gas-works; by a brush to put five or six coatings of this mixture on the side of the cloth or silk on which another piece is laid, and the whole passed between two rollers. The adhesion is most complete, so much so, that it is easier to tear the cloth than to separate it from the caoutchouc.

Pottery Painting.—An experiment, promising considerable success, has been made at Paris. It is an attempt to preserve the large paintings of the most distinguished artists, by the employment of plates of pottery. The different parts of a large picture are united by a composition, and so coloured as to disguise completely the joints. The artists who work at this experiment propose, by this

means, to produce paintings as durable as mosaic, of much easier execution, and at a moderate price.

Inflammation of Gunpowder by Slaking Lime.—In consequence of the application of quick-lime to the desiccation of various substances, the *Comité consultatif de la Direction des Poudres et Salpêtres*, made some trials of the temperature produced by slaking lime. They found that it frequently rose so high as to inflame gunpowder thrown upon it; and that, even when enclosed in a glass tube, and the tube put in among the lime, the heat was sufficient to fire the gunpowder. Hence quick-lime would be a dangerous desiccator in a powder-house.

Purple Tint of Plate Glass affected by Light.—It is well known that certain pieces of plate glass acquire, by degrees, a purple tinge, and ultimately become of a comparatively deep colour. The change is known to be gradual, but yet so rapid as easily to be observed in the course of two or three years. Much of the plate glass which was put a few years back into some of the houses in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, though at first colourless, has now acquired a violet or purple colour. Wishing to ascertain whether the sun's rays had any influence in producing this change, the following experiment was made: three pieces of glass were selected, which were judged capable of exhibiting this change; one of them was of a slight violet tint, the other two purple or pinkish, but the tint scarcely perceptible, except by looking at the edges. They were each broken into two pieces, three of the pieces were then wrapped up in paper and set aside in a dark place, and the corresponding pieces were exposed to air and sunshine. This was done in January last, and the middle of this month (September,) they were examined. The pieces that were put away from light seemed to have undergone no change; those that were exposed to the sunbeams had increased in colour considerably; the two paler ones the most, and that to such a degree, that it would hardly have been supposed they had once formed part of the same pieces of glass as those which had been set aside. Thus it appears that the sun's rays can exert chemical powers even on such a compact body and permanent compound as glass.

Paris, September 10, 1823.—The first volume of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, translated by MM. E. Didot and Mahon, has just appeared, to the great gratification of all the lovers of English literature. It is astonishing that a work so celebrated should now be translated for the first time in France; and this fact proves at once our past ignorance of the riches and beauties of the English press, and our improving state of inquiry and information.

The Christian Philosopher, or the Connexion of Science with Religion.—A work under this title is on the eve of being published, by Mr. Thomas Dick, A. M. of Perth, who is already known to the readers of this Journal, by his curious observations on the planet Venus when near the sun. This work comprises illustrations of the omnipotence and grandeur of the Deity, and of his wise and benevolent arrangements in the system of nature,—popular sketches of Natural History, Geography, Geology, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, and Physiology, embracing an outline of the leading facts connected with these sciences, and illustrating their connexion with the objects of religion, and the progress of the human mind. Sketches of some of the inventions of human genius, and of the religious and philanthropic purposes to which they may be applied,—illustrations of several scriptural facts from the system of nature,—and of the beneficial effects which would result from a combination of science with religion. The general object of this volume is to lead young and inquiring minds to enlarged conceptions of the attributes, and the incessant agency of the Deity, through the medium of the discoveries which have been made in the system of nature,—to excite them to farther inquiries into the different departments of natural science,—to illustrate the harmony of science and revelation,—and to remove those groundless prejudices which a considerable portion of the Christian world still entertain against scientific pursuits.

Charters of England.—That there might be a complete edition of the Statutes (which is now in progress of printing, under the sanction of Parliament,) the Royal Commissioners of Public Records lately caused the most extensive examinations to be made. For the purpose of examining all charters, and authentic copies and entries thereof, two sub-commissioners have occupied one whole summer in making a progress through England and Ireland, to every place where it appeared such charters, copies, or entries might be preserved; and searches have been made

successively at every cathedral in England which was known to possess any such documents, also at the universities, &c. They have made some most valuable and interesting discoveries. Besides the rare *Chartularies* or collections of charters found in Rochester, Exeter, Canterbury, and other cathedrals, in Lincoln Cathedral they found also "An Original of the Great Charter of Liberties granted by King John in the 17th year of his reign," in a perfect state. This charter appears to be of superior authority to either of the two charters of the same date preserved in the British Museum. From the contemporary endorsements of the word *Lincolnia* on two folds of the charter, this may be presumed to be the charter transmitted by the hands of Hugh, the then Bishop of Lincoln, who is one of the bishops named in the introductory clause; and it is observable that several words and sentences are inserted in the body of this charter which in both the charters preserved in the British Museum are added by way of notes for amendment, at the bottom of the instruments.

Improvements.—One of the London Journals advertises itself as, "the only *Sporting Sunday Newspaper!*"

Immediately after the adjournment of parliament, Sir James Mackintosh attended the Marquess of Titchfield to Welbeck, to examine the archives of the family, which had not been opened for many years. Sir James, it is said, there discovered some invaluable letters and state papers, which will materially tend to illustrate that portion of his History of England, to which they belong.

Mr. Roscoe is rapidly advancing with his variorum edition of the Works of Pope, to which he will prefix a New Life.

The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Magee) is preparing a new edition of his valuable work on the Atonement.

Early in October will be ready, the fourth edition, *corrected*, of the Rev. Thomas Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in 4 thick volumes 8vo.; with numerous Maps, and Fac Similes of Biblical MSS.—Possessors of the former editions may have (*gratis*) an additional Fac Simile, on applying to their respective publishers.

The Rev. R. C. Maturin, author of "Bertram," &c., will publish a new Novel during the ensuing winter.

Speedily will be published, *The Foresters*. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay." 1 vol. Post 8vo.

Anacharsis in Scotland; being a View of the State of the Country, with Descriptions of the most celebrated Scenes and Subjects of local and historical Interest.

First Steps to Botany, intended as popular Illustrations of the Science leading to its Study as a Branch of general Education. By James L. Drummond, M.D.

A new work from the pen of Miss Porter, Author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *Scottish Chiefs*, &c. in 3 vols. 12mo. entitled *Duke Christian of Luneberg*; or, *Traditions from the Hartz*.

Mr. Sharpe is preparing Engravings from Mr. Westall's Designs, for the British Anthology, or Poetical Present, designed, with considerable variations of materials and arrangement, as an exemplar of the once popular Dodsley's Collection.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. de Humboldt. And translated into English under his immediate inspection.

Memoirs of the late Pope, including the whole of his Private Correspondence with Napoleon Bonaparte, taken from the Archives of the Vatican, with many other hitherto unpublished Particulars of his eventful Reign. By Mr. Bernard Cohen.

The first Number of a Zoological Journal, to be continued quarterly and edited by Thomas Bell, Esq. FLS., John George Children, Esq. FR. and LS., James de Carle Sowerby, Esq. FLS., and G. B. Sowerby, FLS.

Dictionary of English Quotations, in 3 Parts: Part the First, containing quotations from Shakspeare, will appear in a few days. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts.

The Third *Livraison* of the Napoleon Memoirs will be published in the course of the present month.—The work will not be so voluminous as was at first expected; two more *Livraisons* will complete it.

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